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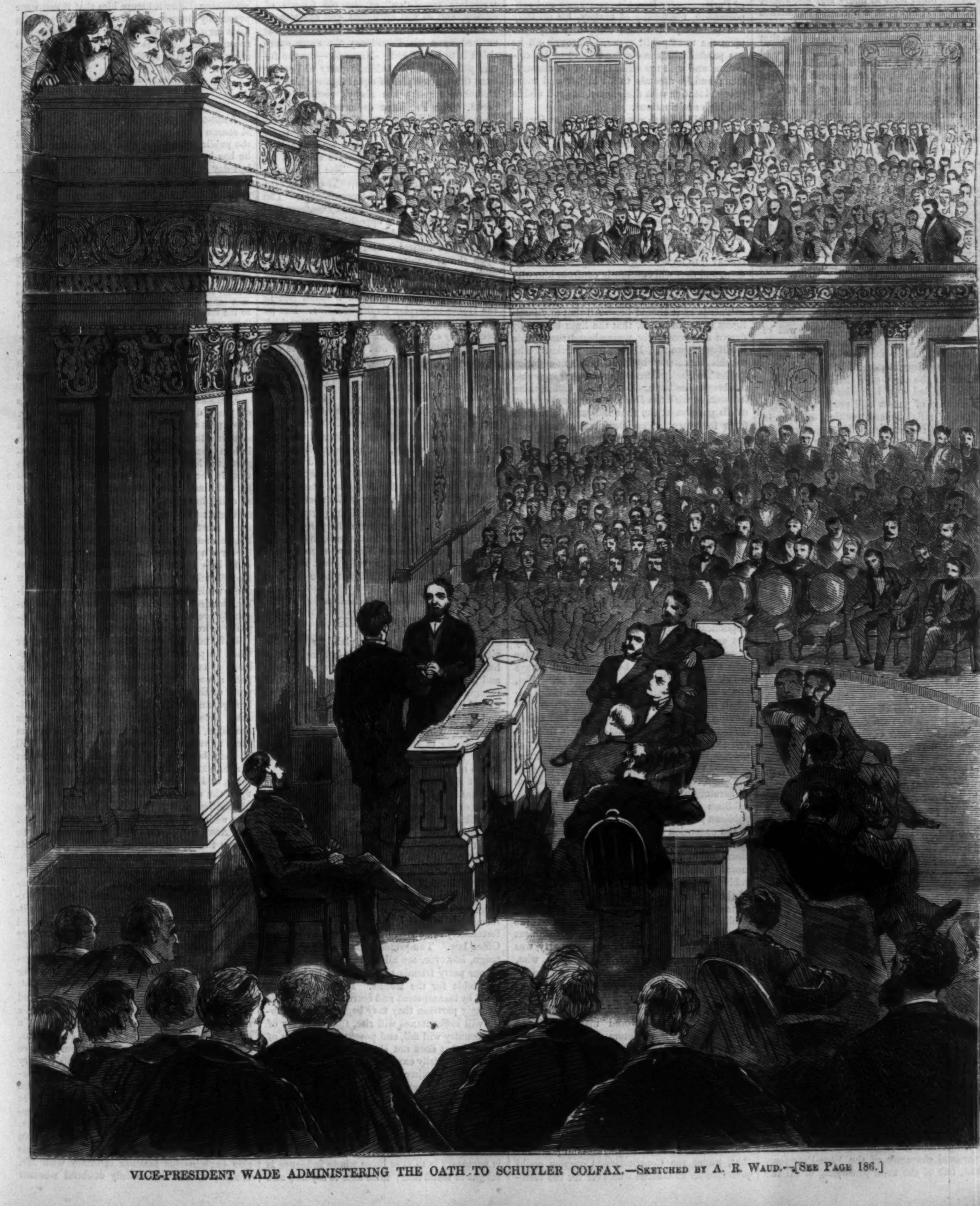


VICE-PRESIDENT WADE ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO SCHUYLER COLFAX.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 186.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

ELSEWHERE in this paper we describe and illustrate the happy event of the fourth of March—the inauguration of President GRANT. It is a day which will be, as we believe, gratefully remembered as that on which the administration began that closed the immediate questions opened by the war, and ushered the country into a career more truly great than it has ever known. The wisdom of the people in electing General GRANT rather than his opponent has been already vindicated by the greater tranquillity and security in the Southern States, and by our constantly increasing financial credit abroad. It can not be doubted that if Mr. SEYMORE and General BLAIR had been inaugurated instead of General GRANT and Mr. COLFAX, there would have been a profound distrust in the public mind both at home and elsewhere. There is now, however, a universal confidence both in the integrity, the ability, and the purpose of the new President. No one fears that the national character will suffer from him in any way, and it is felt that if palpable evils are not at once reformed, the reason must be sought elsewhere than in his perception or his will.

The President's inaugural address, in its simplicity, earnestness, and elevation of tone, was wholly worthy of the great occasion. It has now been every where read and considered. It has been contrasted with the speeches of such feeble and base politicians as BUCHANAN and PIERCE, the last of the Democratic Presidents, and it suggests, by its nobility and manliness, the golden words of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN. He says, with truth, that the office comes to him unsought, and the country gladly believes him when he adds that he shall conscientiously strive to serve it as well as he can. Such words from such a man are not phrases merely. General GRANT's words have never yet obscured nor perverted his meaning. Always with a policy to recommend springing from conviction, he will have none to enforce against the constitutionally-expressed will of the people. "I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution." The public questions of the time, says the President, can be wisely settled only by maintaining the utmost security of person and property, and the freedom of religious and political opinion in every part of the country. He appeals to the young men to help keep the national honor untarnished, by insisting upon honest payment of the debt, and exhorts the country to repudiate repudiators. In foreign affairs the golden rule, that is, the highest law of individual intercourse, should direct our policy. The Indians must be humanely treated, with a view to ultimate citizenship. The suffrage question will agitate us until it is authoritatively settled, for which a way is now opened by the fifteenth amendment. And the President concludes by asking national patience and resolution toward a happy Union, and by invoking the favor of Almighty God to that end.

The address shows General GRANT's admirable comprehension of the situation and its necessities, and his full sympathy with the party of wise progress. Indeed, as we see a man so true and tried, so sagacious and modest, called to the Presidency of a nation full of energy and industry and resources, and kindling with all the fire and hope of youth, it is impossible not to forecast a brilliant destiny for the country. But in this hour of just pride and exultation we must not forget that the President is but an officer of limited powers; that this country can not be governed by proxy, but is constantly controlled by public opinion; and that the highest patriotism consists in keeping that opinion as pure as the purpose of its Chief Magistrate. We consider elsewhere the duty of every citizen, and show how he can aid the President in his great task. For the power and duty of the individual citizen, despite all our rhetoric, are not yet truly perceived nor conscientiously discharged.

General GRANT, as he enters upon his arduous administration, knows that the prayers of all good men attend him, and that the hearts of the poor and oppressed every where bless him. His character and career already instinctively rank him with our two greatest Presidents. The national confidence is unbounded, but it will not be betrayed.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE Vice-President, also, takes his seat amidst universal congratulation and confidence. The public career of Mr. COLFAX has been so conspicuous that he is as much known as any man in the country, and, with as few enemies as any public man, he has thousands of warm and eager friends in every part of the land. But better than the general friendship is its reason, and that is an unshaken confidence in the personal character of the Vice-President. Indeed, one of the most gratifying of all the pleasing facts of the occasion is, that both the President and Vice-President are men of the highest character. It is not a pair of politicians merely who now fill the highest offices in the Government.

It was the general feeling of the most sagacious men in the country, long before the nominations, that the candidate for Vice-President should be selected, not for local or lesser reasons of any kind, but from the profoundest conviction that his possible succession to the Presidency would not disturb the country. Three times in our history the Vice-President, by the death of the President, has been called to the chief executive position, and in each instance the change has been a national misfortune. It would have been mere folly for a party actually smarting under the worst betrayal to nominate a Vice-President who was not heartily in sympathy with it; and the selection of Mr. COLFAX was harmonious with the remarkably sagacious action of the Convention in all its work.

As Speaker of the House the Vice-President has been as popular and efficient an officer as any of his predecessors. His ample knowledge of Parliamentary law, his promptness and self-possession, his facility of oratory, his urbanity and firmness, have been constantly displayed upon the most public scene. Through all he has passed with the sincere respect of his colleagues and with the satisfaction of his countrymen; and he ascends to his higher and more peaceful station with their heartiest good wishes and high anticipations.

It is delightful to see in such men as GRANT and COLFAX the representatives of a truly American principle in our politics; and in their inauguration the beginning of a better era for the country.

THE OPPOSITION.

A LEADING article in the *World* upon the morning of the Inauguration concludes with the statement that Democrats expect General GRANT "to be nothing but a Republican President, and they will constantly confront him with the same resolute opposition which they have always offered to the Republican party."

This is as it should be. All that any intelligent man can ask is, that the lines be plainly drawn and constantly remembered that divide the Republican and Democratic parties. The mischief threatened by Mr. CHASE's nomination by the Tammany Convention was that it tended to obscure the issue. Mr. CHASE had nothing in common with the Democratic party, except, as his position at the time indicated, a restless fever for place. The Democratic party had "always offered" a "resolute opposition" to the Republican, and Mr. CHASE had always been a Republican. His nomination would have been a deception; and his election, had it taken place, could really have settled nothing.

But the difficulty was avoided. Those who had always led the Democratic party in its resolute hostility to the Republican led it still, and the country showed what it thought of those leaders and their followers by the election of General GRANT. Meanwhile the intended candidate of those who hoped to succeed by what deserves no better name than a dodge, on the 4th of March administered the oath of office to the President in whom the confidence of the Republican party is profound and inspiring. Yet among the reflections of the famous day there could have been none more instructive than that he who had been early and always associated with that party and those principles, and who had remained firm while so many faltered, at the very instant when they were beginning to prevail over a peaceful and united land, had chosen to separate himself from association with them, and to pass into history as another victim of ruinous Presidential ambition.

And as the Democratic party proposes to offer the same resolute opposition to the Republican as heretofore, it is useful to see what the Republican principles and policy are. The Republican party arose out of a resolute opposition to the extension of slavery, which was a Democratic policy. This opposition had really a moral basis, and when the relation between morality and interest was made plain the Republican party came into power. The revolt of the Democratic leaders who offered "a resolute opposition" at Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Andersonville, and Richmond compelled the Republican party to maintain the Government by war. The war ended, and the party was forced into a struggle with the President, who, supported by the Democratic party, tried to reverse as much of the result of the war as possible.

The Republican principles were that the Union should be restored upon conditions agreeable to the loyal victors, and not inconsistent with the principle of the Government and with the Constitution; that the freedmen should not be betrayed; and that the national honor should not be tarnished by any form of repudiation. These principles, and the policy that grew out of them, received "a resolute opposition" from the Democratic party. That party declared that when the war ended every thing in the revolted States resumed its old position; that, under the Constitution, Congress could prescribe no conditions whatever for the restoration of States that did not succeed in permanently seceding; and that the loyal people of the United States could do nothing whatever to secure the victory they had won but try individuals for treason. Upon this ground the Democrats resisted every measure proposed which was designed to establish civil and political equality, and to prevent the unquestioned supremacy of the recent rebel element in the Southern States. But every such measure was carried by the Republican party, and was heartily approved by the country.

The Democratic party offered a "resolute opposition" to the Republican party when it proposed to check the extension of slavery. All the "resolute opposition" to the war proceeded from the same party. When the Republicans sought to found peace upon justice and equality, and the acknowledged principle of a popular government, it was resolutely opposed by the Democratic party. Declaring that the policy of Congress was wise and humane, and that the faith of the nation should be kept with public creditor and freedman, and nominating General GRANT, the Republican party met the same "resolute opposition" of the old friends of slavery, and of the apologists and abettors of the war. And now that General GRANT has entered upon his Presidency the same opposition is to be offered. Naturally—for the future policy of the Republican party will spring from those principles of equal rights which the Democratic party has always resolutely opposed. The President declares for complete protection for every person and every opinion in the country. The Democratic party has always resolutely opposed such a policy, and will continue to do so. He declares for honest payment of the debt. The Democratic party will resolutely oppose. The President declares for economy and retrenchment. The Democratic party "will constantly confront him with the same resolute opposition."

Already the "resolute opposition" has begun by the most ludicrous and captious comments upon the circumstances of the inauguration, and upon the inaugural address. Mr. JAMES BROOKS, also, a worthy representative leader of the Democracy, attempted a small riot in the House to perplex its organization. But no patriotic man can regret that the hostility which necessarily exists in human affairs between justice and intelligence and honesty on the one hand, and ignorance, prejudice, brutality, and privilege upon the other, should be frankly declared and plainly understood. We certainly do not claim all the virtues or all the talents for the Republican party. But as certainly we see that the ignorant and the disorderly, with the skeptics of all free institutions and the aristocracy every where, instinctively ally themselves with the Democratic party and wish its success; while the great mass of the intelligent, industrious, and thrifty American people, and the liberals of every country in the world, range themselves with the Republican party of the United States. It has been the party of humanity and intelligence in the past, and we see no reason why the same faith and sagacity that have hitherto inspired its really great measures should desert it in the smiling future that lies before it.

THE OFFICES.

THE President has very plainly stated his views upon the subject of office-holding. Only honest and capable men should be appointed, and it should not be enough to entitle a man to recommendation for any place that he had been a hard worker for the party; nor that he is poor and wants the office; nor that his uncle is a Senator and his cousin a Representative. The civil service of the United States is not—certainly it should not be—an infirmary for the feeble and incompetent.

But the President has also said, and, if he had not said it, it is naturally his view, that the heads of the great Departments must be held responsible for the offices in them. This is simply good sense. But we remind our friends that there is still another responsibility for those offices, and that is the Republican party. Although the President has very wisely and firmly relieved himself of the enormous pressure of office-seeking, the freshet of office-seekers is more formidable than ever. It has become a recognized industry, but its operations will be fortunately somewhat limited by the Tenure-of-Office law. The preparations for a busy campaign, however, are all made; and we suggest to our party friends that they will be held accountable for the results. If the offices are filled by incompetent and corrupt men, however strongly partisan they may be, the public service will suffer, taxes will rise, the character of the country will fall, and popular impatience of a party that does not show itself fit to govern will emphatically express itself at the next election. On the other hand, if the offices are filled by worthy and capable men who are firm and tried in the Republican faith, the relief of taxation, the increasing prosperity, domestic content, and foreign respect will give the dominant party a long and secure term of power.

Truths so evident need no urging. But what is necessary is to urge those whose influence is sought to stand firm; to be able to say no; and to insist upon recommending no one whom they, if holding the appointing power, would not themselves appoint from a conviction of personal character and capacity, as well as from party considerations. Such considerations, of course, are not to be omitted. Under our present system it is most desirable that those who hold prominent positions in the service should be in sympathy with the Administration. With a proper civil service bill this necessity would be very much lessened, because such a bill would change the conditions of party organization. But the interests of party themselves demand—if the case should arise, which is hardly supposable—that when the necessity of choice lies between an incompetent party friend and a competent party foe the latter should be preferred. We know no such case, but the few such that might be found would strengthen, not weaken the party.

Let every honest friend of the President, then, take his share of the responsibility, and lighten the load all along the line by refusing to cheapen or prostitute his name. When a secretary sees your name let him know that it means something. Let it assure him that if you were personally present you would urge, upon the most legitimate grounds, the appointment you recommend. This is the best we can do in the absence of a civil service bill—but it is a great deal.

MR. SEWARD.

AMONG the memorable events of this political season is the retirement of Mr. SEWARD from the public scene upon which for so long a time he has been so conspicuous an actor. On the last day of his official life the clerks in the Department of State addressed him a letter, expressing their regard and admiration, and in his reply Mr. SEWARD said:

> "Gentlemen, it would be as idle as it would be presumptuous for us to undertake to fix a standard for the popular appreciation of our own services. That will be the task of history, which delights in contemplating studiously the vicissitudes of nations; and that task can only be performed when we shall have ceased to be. Let us, therefore, be content for the present with claiming for ourselves and conceding to each other the humble pretension that whatever may be the errors which history may at any time detect, these errors have been in all cases errors of judgment, and not of motive or purpose."

This is what every man would fain have said in his own case, and what indeed may so often be truly said, of the most calamitous errors that have ever been committed.

Doubtless it is impossible in the present heats of party difference properly to estimate Mr. SEWARD's character and career. And yet it is significant and suggestive that those whose faith in him twenty years ago was deepest and strongest have long been wholly alienated, and those who, in the full flush of young enthusiasm, regarded him as men only once regard a political chief, have long since looked upon him in amazement and sorrow. The history of these times must answer the question why it was that a statesman who, in 1860, was the acknowledged leader of a great and victorious party which then came into power, in 1869, when that party was more firmly fixed in popular confidence than ever, while during the intervening time its policy, founded upon its original principles, had constantly prevailed, was wholly without the sympathy or respect of that party or of any other.

It is not the case of EDMUND BURKE, for when he parted with his old associates he became at once the acknowledged chief and superb advocate of the great anti-revolutionary party of Europe. Besides, as COLERIDGE wisely says, and as Mr. MORLEY has recently admirably shown, BURKE's principles were always the same, however the practical inferences from them at various times may have differed. Will it, then, be urged by the future historian that Mr. SEWARD's principles always remained the same, and that he separated from his party only upon the question of method or of policy? Is his political sagacity to be vindicated by placing him with Mr. DIXON and Mr. DOOLITTLE and Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON? Is posterity to be taught that the man who said at Rochester that there was an irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery, and who should have known what his words politically implied, seriously believed, when slavery had been abolished by civil war leaving millions of freedmen among subdued rebel masters, that justice and honor and peace demanded that every right and every chance of those freedmen should be left to the mercy of those masters? Will history represent this as the principle of Mr. SEWARD or only as his policy?

To a contemporary it seems as if the sad and severe Clio must depict Mr. SEWARD as a man who had become the representative of a cause in which he had no moral convictions. His sagacity and his humanity seem to have shown him that the conditions of this country were fatally hostile to slavery, and that a political party founded, like the Democratic, upon the necessities of slavery, and directed by great slave lords, must presently fall before the combined conscience and industry of free laborers. But it was the view of a shrewd politician rather than of a statesman or a moralist. This also explains his familiar intimacy with Mr. WEED; and it is certainly doubtful whether either of these gentlemen saw that the moral element was the real strength of their party. Mr. Seward was both an optimist and a doctrinaire, but he lacked the moral earnestness and conviction that could alone explain the actual situation. He honestly thought, doubtless, that the slave lords of the Democracy would fight the battle out under the forms of law, and tranquilly submit to inevitable destruction. Had Mr. Seward, as the representative of enlarging liberty, been as vitally in earnest as Davis and Mason and the rest were, as the representatives of increasing slavery, he would not have talked airily about a settlement in sixty days, nor have written to our ministers abroad that they were not to suffer the question of slavery to be mentioned in discussions of the rebellion. The champion of liberty in America, when it was taken by the throat by Slavery, repelled the sympathy of every European friend it had.

The same want of moral conviction or of that quality which is indispensable to a statesman, the perception of the strict relation between morality and the public welfare, drew Mr. Seward into the support of the most stupid, arbitrary, and unjust policy of Andrew Johnson. Other motives may have influenced his action, motives that no one who has ever been a friend of Mr. Seward's will suggest. And, indeed, in the complexity of motives of human conduct the honorable and the unworthy are strangely mingled. It is enough for us to find a satisfactory explanation of a career at once illustrious and lamentable without involving personal honor.

The future student of our history who follows this political life of forty years, will not forget amidst his grief and consternation at the close, that he who cheered by telegraph the ribald slanders of a furious President upon spotless and honorable citizens—who declared that the man who said he didn't care whether slavery was voted up or down, would live in grateful remembrance with Abraham Lincoln, and who exultingly prophesied in his own State the defeat by forty thousand majority of those whom he had politically taught, and who had helped to save the country to liberty and mankind—was the same man who had bravely proclaimed the higher law—who had exposed in calm and terrible detail the ghastly despotism of slavery—and who, crossing the frontier, had planted before the very citadel of slavery upon its own domain the standard of equal liberty. Had Mr. Seward been what the young men of fifteen and twenty years ago believed him to be, his fame would have been as sweet and sure as any in our history.

THE CABINET.

General Grant said, before his inauguration, and when Mrs. Grundy was sick with curiosity, that he should choose his Cabinet to please himself. But every body was sure that he would choose it to please somebody else. Every body composed a Cabinet entirely satisfactory to the composer, and General Grant did the same. He, however, had the advantage of every body, for he could nominate his to the Senate. If the Senate was surprised, it did not manifest the emotion, and immediately confirmed the President's choice.

The principle of that choice was obvious. The Cabinet as nominated is not a board of politicians, and it plainly means business. In other words, the President has first sought in his Secretaries honesty and ability, and then sympathy with the Republican party. He evidently conceives that his first duty is not to provide for the party, but to secure the efficiency and economy of the public service by agents selected from the party. It is impossible to deny that his view of his duty is correct. It is delightful to think of the gnashing of teeth on the evening of the 5th of March among the political hucksters.

Mr. Washburne, the personal friend of the President, is well known to the country from his long public service. Shrewd, wary, honest, economical, his conduct of our foreign affairs will be firm and direct, and it is fair to presume that his contributions to the literature of diplomacy will be more emphatic than diffuse.

As we write the position of Mr. Stewart is uncertain. Confirmed as promptly as he was nominated, it was subsequently ascertained that he was incapacitated by the law of '89, and it is not now known whether Congress will concur with the President's suggestion that Mr. Stewart be made eligible. The nomination was unexpected, but upon reflection it was warmly approved. Mr. Stewart has great practical experience and knowledge of financial subjects as every great merchant must have. How skilful an administrator of the public finances he would be can only be inferred from his singular success in private administration, and could only be proved in his case, as in the case of any one else in the country whom the President might have called to the place, by experiment.

Mr. Stewart would bring into the office a signal genius for organization, untiring energy, a proved sagacity, inflexible firmness of purpose, a searching eye, and an unsparing hand for every irregularity. Those who had fondly hoped that the days of Grant might be even as those of Johnson would be suddenly and completely undeceived. In his Department Mr. Stewart would be as good as a Civil Service bill. He has not been a party politician, and has, consequently, no enormous train of dependents to gratify. He belongs to none of the cliques, or rings, or factions in his own State, but he is in full sympathy with the party; and his administration of the Treasury would be the beginning of such efficient work in that Department that the spectacle of official capacity and industry, and the consequent saving to the Government, would shed lustre upon the party, and most warmly commend it to the confidence of all good citizens. If Mr. Stewart is not to be the Secretary, let us hope that his successor may have qualities as admirable and essential.

General Schofield has the complete confidence of the President and the respect of the country. General Cox is a fit representative of the volunteer soldier in the war, a man of admirable ability and accomplishment, and of great executive faculty and experience. Mr. Borie, unknown to the country, is selected by the President from his own conviction of his fitness for the duty to which he is called. Mr. Cresswell is a Southern radical of the best type. Mr. Hoar is one of the ablest men in New England; of signal sagacity, of ample and various accomplishment, and of a personal probity so pure that it is easy to understand the President's confidence and choice.

These gentlemen are the President's council. Ability, patriotism, experience, integrity, spotless honor—how such a body contrasts with the last Democratic Cabinet! Turn to it for a moment, reflective reader, and thank Heaven for what this country has escaped and what it has gained! The central figure was James Buchanan. His name is his epitaph. His Secretary of State was Lewis Cass, an old man who trembled and disappeared. His Secretary of the Treasury was Howell Cobb, who did what he could to empty it, and fled. His Secretary of War was John B. Floyd, a Virginian politician, who gave the national arms to rebels. His Secretary of the Navy was Isaac N. Toucey, who sent the ships away, that the fatal blow at the country might be sure. His Secretary of the Interior was Jacob Thompson, who aimed the blow. It seems not unnatural that the organs of a party which called these persons into the Cabinet should deride the choice of the new President. But as Grant is to Buchanan, so is his Cabinet to that evil conclave. It represents the new time. It stands for honor, unity, justice, and peace; Buchanan's for dishonor, disunion, inhumanity, and war.

SISERA'S PROSPECTS.

Father Hecker's cheerful confidence that America will be Roman Catholicized by the end of the century must be a little disturbed by such events as that which lately occurred in Auburn. The Bishop had superseded a priest, and directed another to officiate in his place. But the congregation would not hear the newcomer, although the old incumbent pleaded for him. Nor would they listen to the Bishop, but drove Bishop and priest out of the church, and then, holding a meeting, resolved that they would not submit to the one-man power, and, if necessary—which was rather a comical conclusion—would appeal to the Pope.

This action, with that in Buffalo several months since, shows that the Roman Church, even should it justify Father Hecker's prediction, will hardly be the Church of Gregory VII. or of Innocent, but will have undergone extreme if not essential modifications. This spirit of independence, of inquiry, of self-reliance, of open defiance of the spiritual superior, is very good Americanism; but it is very poor Roman Catholicism. It is one thing to appeal to the Pope against a Bishop—it is a very different thing to silence the Bishop without appeal, and put him out of doors. This is indeed very much akin to the spirit of a certain gentleman who nailed certain theses to a certain church-door.

So also the quiet defiance and disregard of the priestly orders against Fenianism in this city three or four years ago showed an independence which reveals the ecclesiastically disorganizing influences of religious liberty. Nor is there any doubt but that the most intelligent Catholics in this country regarded the Pope's recent diatribes against modern times, common schools, and human progress, with the same amusement that they excited in the merely Protestant mind. Mr. Parton's articles some time ago spoke the old church fair, and he stated imposing, and to some minds alarming, statistics of the Catholic increase. In the year 1800 there were about 90,000 members of the Roman Church in the United States; now there are nearly 5,000,000. The Catholics were then one-seventieth, they are now one-sixth of the whole population. The increase of the wealth of the Church is amazing; and naturally enough when the most costly property is given to them by municipal bodies that expect by such means to buy the votes of the faithful. Many of the chief officers in this city are said to be Romanists; and an Italian paper recently stated that the Roman Court already ruled New York. The purpose of the Church as a party is seen in its policy of a sectarian separation of the school money.

But the increase of the Church is by immigration, not by conversion. It always had a hard tussle with the Anglo-Saxon and was worsted. Every year there are a third of a million of immigrants from Europe who come among us, and the great mass of them are Roman Catholics. But in the second and third generation their ties are very palpably relaxed, and even Bishops may be ordered out of church by them. The conversions are among the fashionable and sentimental classes of the cities, not among representative and controlling Americans. We do not share the expectations of our friend Father Hecker. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

INSECTS DAMAGING TO VEGETATION.

Dr. Loring, of Salem, recently delivered the annual address to the Agricultural Society of New England at Boston, after which he was re-elected President by nearly a unanimous vote. It is certainly a good sign that gentlemen of learning apply themselves to the resuscitation of the soil of New England. Agriculture is the primary interest; and inasmuch as most cultivators of the soil pursue the plan of rapid exhaustion, it is essential to success, if not to safety, that this dangerous tendency be arrested. Indeed there can be no greater enemy to the country among agriculturists than those who wear out the soil. It constitutes a crime which should be punished by penal laws.

In the upland districts of the Southern States, where the pine prevails, lands are cleared and exhausted in about ten years. It is deemed cheaper to repeat this system than to fertilize. But how serious must be the ultimate effect of such a policy. In New England the soil has been exhausted by cropping with the aid of too little fertilization. It can be renovated on an extensive scale only by applying the land to pasturage with cattle and sheep, inasmuch as any other plan would exceed the expense which many farmers would apply.

The enrichment of the soil by these means will be greatly aided by the use of ground plaster spread over the soil in advance of spring rains. Turning in clover, or in some soils buckwheat, is the next best system, where the ordinary mode of enrichment is too expensive; but where this is not the case, there is no better outlay of capital than to improve the soil to that capacity which admits of large growth without the extravagance which exposes crops to lodge before the reaper can perform his work. Money thus invested is earning interest without risk, and without the necessity of calling upon an elective judiciary to aid in its collection.

Dr. Loring, in his address, shows, with respect to insects, a tendency to theories with which we are inclined to differ.

> "At my own suggestion," he says, "the question whether insects injurious to vegetation may not be easily, thoroughly, and economically exterminated by letting loose upon them those other insect tribes which war and feed upon them, is already attracting the attention of entomologists; and I trust man may one day find himself armed with swarms of parasites and flies which will relieve him in his strife with canker-worms and caterpillars, with the curculio, and the burrowing maggot, and slugs, which now infest our orchards in spite of birds, those idle and ungovernable allies, and in spite of tar, and tree-protectors, and gunpowder and brush."

The neglect to exterminate insects belongs to that indifference to the future of the community which exhibits itself in wearing out the soil. Insects are at first few in number, but when there is neglect to destroy them they increase with alarming rapidity. The worm which infests apple-trees is hatched simultaneously with the first life of the leaf. The same agency brings them both into existence—the beneficent warmth of spring. If the tree were full-leaved the sun could not apply its heat to the eggs, which are glued to the finest extremity of the limbs on the side of the tree on which the sun first bestows its morning rays; nor could the young worm obtain its nourishment, which it first derives from the tenderest sprouts. The conditions for its destruction are all then favorable, as it is the first care of the insect to construct its white tent in portions of the tree easily reached—generally where two limbs, strong enough to protect the structure, commence to fork. The wild cherry is also inhabited in the same manner by the same family. But the apple-tree, with its drooping branches, affords a better means for destroying the eggs in advance of the start of vegetation than the wild cherry, as those on the former may generally be reached from the ground.

The theory advanced by Dr. Loring for the destruction of these worms is to set in motion some winged enemy to pounce upon them as they move over the tree in their rapid work of stripping it of its leaves. A more certain one exists, if the search for the mass of eggs glued securely to the limb is omitted. It is to climb the tree and with the hand remove and destroy the tent at the time when fully inhabited, which is the case when the dews are not yet evaporated by the morning sun, or when the rain drives them from their daily meal. They are at first tiny, and the shining tent corresponds in size; but they grow rapidly, and they enlarge their habitation accordingly. It is not then so pleasant to handle them, but so tough is the exterior of their dwelling that with little skill it may be unfastened without touching its inmates, and thrown to the ground to be trampled presently with the feet.

An orchard of two or three hundred trees may be overhauled in this way in a few mornings, and relieved of the great damage of these pests; but easy though it be, thousands of farmers allow them to increase in their orchards for want of some effective means for their sure destruction, when nature has provided the best possible in the hand of man. Rose bugs, which infest rose-bushes and low vines, may easily be destroyed by hand, or shaken into a vessel of water. The best agent for destroying bugs in gardens is the duck; but the hand is reliable, although workmen consider it beneath their dignity to use it in this effective manner.

The tendency to omit the performance of duties of this description is due to a want of that forethought and activity which are expressed in what is called public spirit. When the mind is ennobled by what is higher than a blind selfishness, attention is paid to all those causes of injury which affect the public good. But the narrowest selfishness should prompt to the destruction at every opportunity of those bugs and worms which infest gardens and orchards; for if not done, it is only a question of time when they shall have a complete mastery over production; whereas, by the use of proper efforts, the producer will have the mastery over them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 1:

In the House, appropriations were made for the Bangor Custom House, and public buildings in Knoxville, as well as for certain territorial surveys.

March 2:

In the Senate, the measure providing for an increase of the salaries of female clerks and of the treasurer was defeated.—An appropriation of $5000 was made for Lincoln's statue by Miss Vinnie Ream.—The bill relating to telegraphic communication between the United States and foreign countries was passed.—The ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by the Nevada Legislature was announced officially.—The Tenure-of-Office bill came up and received considerable discussion on the proposed repeal of the act, Mr. Sumner's amendment being rejected by a two-third vote. Mr. Morton's amendment was also rejected. After debate the bill was defeated.

In the House, the East River Bridge bill was passed.

March 3:

In the Senate, the Public Credit bill as reported by the Conference Committee was passed 31 to 26. Also the Army Appropriation bill.

In the House, Speaker Colfax tendered his resignation, and received an unanimous vote of thanks. Mr. Pomeroy, of New York, was declared Speaker *pro tem.*—The Conference report on the Public Credit bill was agreed to.

March 4:

The Fortieth Congress expired at noon by limitation. Vice-President Colfax was sworn in and took his place as President of the new Senate. The new House was organized by the election of James G. Blaine as Speaker.

March 6:

In the Senate, a message was received from President Grant, asking that Mr. A. T. Stewart might, by joint resolution, be exempted from the operation of the statute of 1789 prohibiting him from holding office in the Cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury, by reason of his interest in trade. Objection was made by Mr. Sumner to a bill introduced for Mr. Stewart's relief, and the bill went over under the rules.

THE NEW CABINET.

The Senate, in executive session, received and immediately confirmed the following nominations by President Grant for the officers of his Cabinet:

For Secretary of State, Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois.

For Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander T. Stewart, of New York.

For Secretary of the Navy, Adolph E. Borie, of Pennsylvania.

For Secretary of the Interior, Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio.

For Postmaster-General, John A. J. Cresswell, of Maryland.

For Attorney-General, E. Rockwood Hoar, of Massachusetts.

Columbus Delano, of Ohio, was nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Lieutenant-General Sherman for General; General Sheridan for Lieutenant-General; General Schofield to fill the vacancy made by Sheridan's promotion; and C. C. Augur to the Brigadier-Generalship *vice* Schofield. These nominations were confirmed.

The Constitutional Amendment was adopted March 2 in the Missouri Legislature by a vote of 79 to 30 in the House, and 23 to 9 in the Senate.

General Stoneman has issued an order relative to the Ku-Klux of Virginia, instructing Colonel Rose to notify the civil officers of his district that if they do not arrest the authors of the outrages reported, and not prevent the occurrence of such outrages in future, he will send a detachment of mounted men into that region, to be subsisted and foraged at the expense of the citizens, until good order is re-established and security to person and property is again afforded by the civil authorities.

Several important military assignments have been made. General Sheridan has been assigned to the command of Louisiana, General Reynolds to Texas, General Canby to Virginia, and General Gillem, commanding in Mississippi, has been returned to his regiment.

General Sheridan and his staff have arrived at Fort Hays, Kansas. They report that the Indian war is ended, and that not a hostile Indian can be found inside the limits of the military division.

James Grant, who has been on trial for some time in Richmond for the murder of H. Rives Pollard, was found "not guilty" on the 6th and discharged.

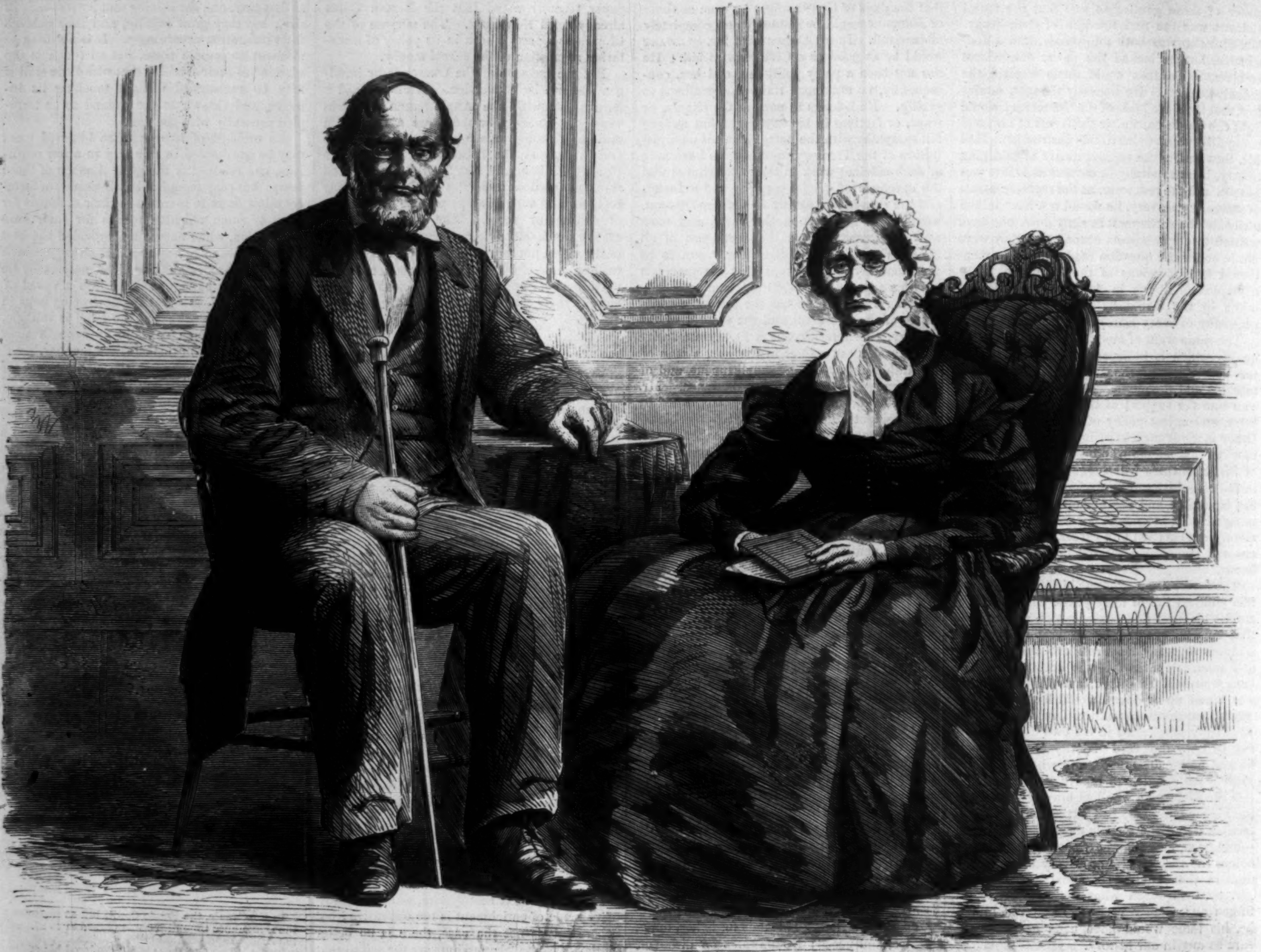
FOREIGN NEWS.

Lamartine, the French poet and historian, died on the 1st of March at Paris.

In the Spanish Cortes on the 4th of March a commission of fifteen members was nominated to prepare a Constitution, define the rights and liberties of citizens, and submit a form of government.

The North German Parliament was opened on the 4th by a pacific speech from the Prussian King.

The ports of Jeddo and Negata, Japan, have been thrown open to foreigners. The former has been made the permanent capital.

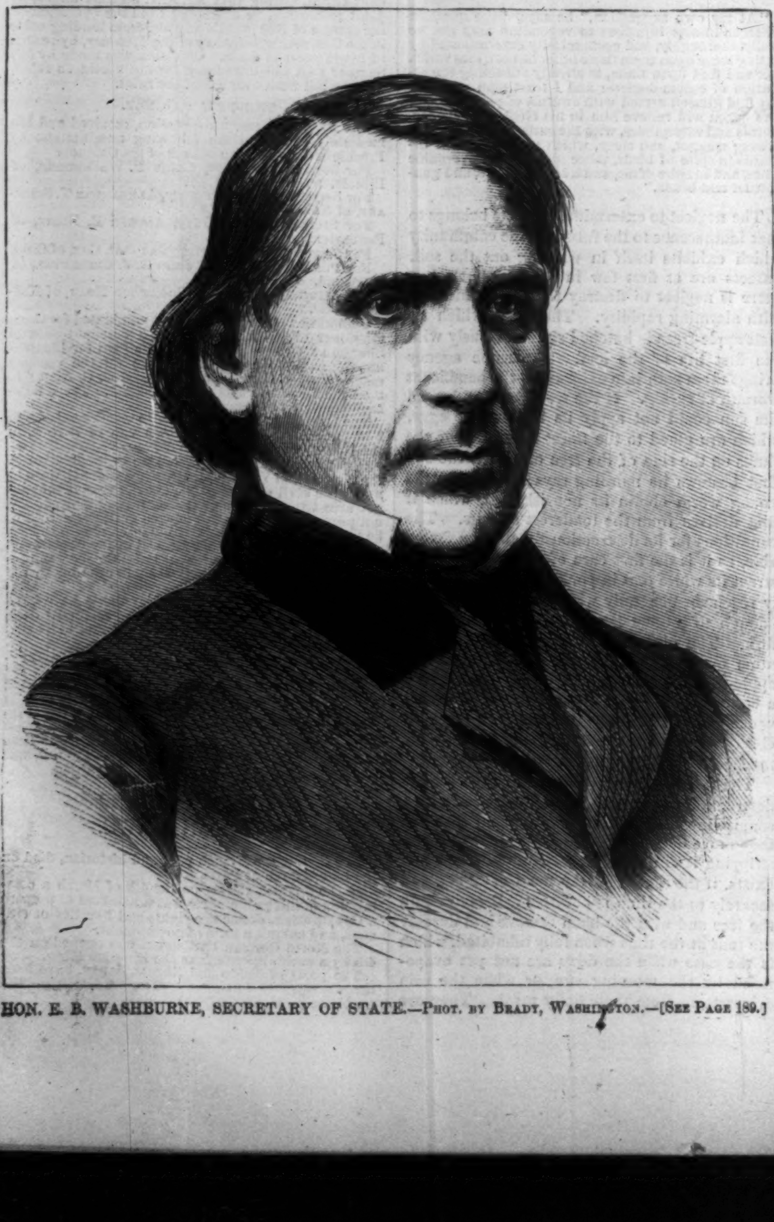


JESSE R. AND HANNAH GRANT, FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.—[Phot. by Landy, Cincinnati.]

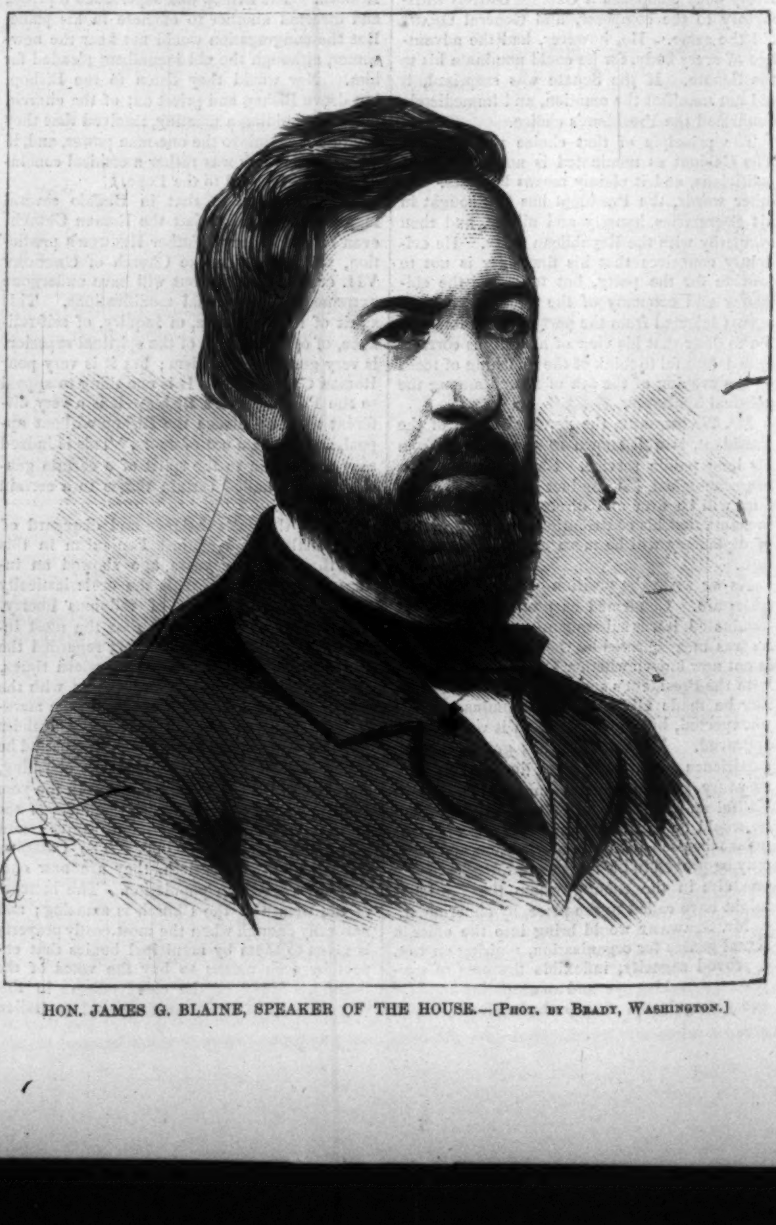
THE NEW SPEAKER.

The Forty-first Congress on March 4th organized by the election of James G. Blaine of Maine as Speaker. The vote stood for Mr. Blaine, 136; for Mr. Kerr of Indiana, 57.

Mr. Blaine was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1830. He graduated with honors at Washington College in his native State, and afterward removed to Maine and engaged in the profession of journalism. For several years he edited the Kennebec *Journal*, and subsequently the Portland *Advertiser*. He served four years in the Maine Legislature, during two of which he was Speaker of the House. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, serving as a member of the Committee on the Post-office and Post-roads. He has been re-elected for three successive terms in the House, where his political influence has always been important and on the side of progress. His election as Speaker in the place of Colfax is a high but well-deserved honor. May his new career be as honorable, as successful, and as satisfactory as that of his predecessor!



HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, SECRETARY OF STATE.—Phot. by Brady, Washington.—[See Page 189.]



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.—[Phot. by Brady, Washington.]

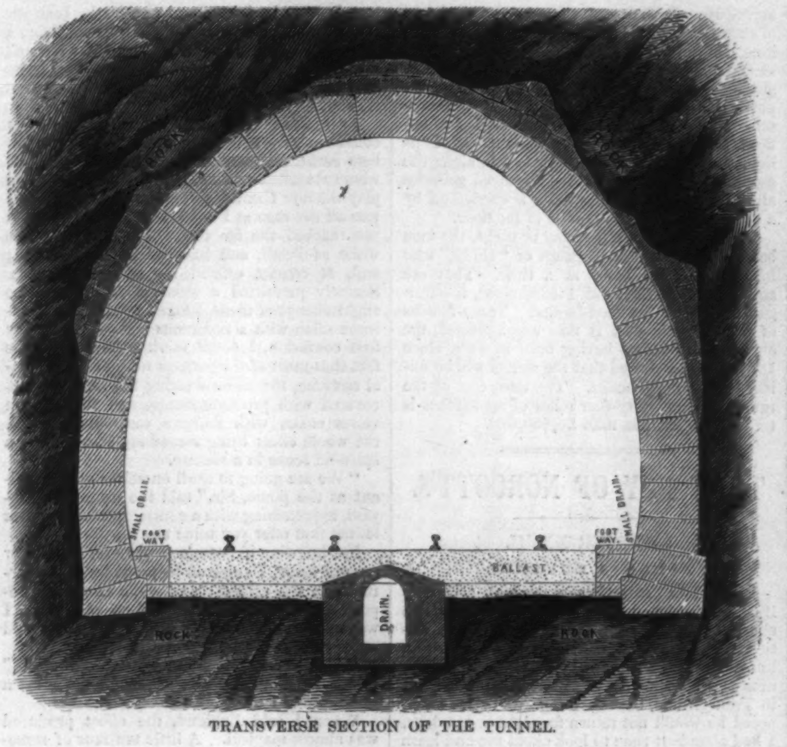
THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

The traveler is tempted to linger in that marvelous region of the Graian Alps, about Mont Cenis and its group, within sight of the streets and piazzas of Turin, which displays some of the greatest wonders of mechanical science amidst the sublime mountain scenery of aerial peaks and precipitous chasms, of roaring torrents and silent upper fields of snow. The works of the Grand Tunnel are now constructed along three-fourths of its whole length, between the valley of the Arc in Savoy and the valley of Rochemolles, opening into that of the Dora Riparia in Piedmont. We present a few illustrations relating to the tunnel and the means by which its excavation is carried on. The whole undertaking was kept in abeyance for some years, during the political and military disasters of that period which followed Charles Albert's defeated attempt, in 1848, to liberate the North of Italy from the Austrian dominion. It was revived in the reign of his successor, King Victor Emanuel, by the masterly statesmanship of Count Cavour, under whose patronage the lines of railway on each side of the Alps, both in Savoy and in Piedmont, were consolidated in the hands of one company, bearing the name of the King. The Piedmontese line was at the same time constructed as far as Suza, which lies at the very foot of Mont Cenis, twenty miles from Bardonnèche.

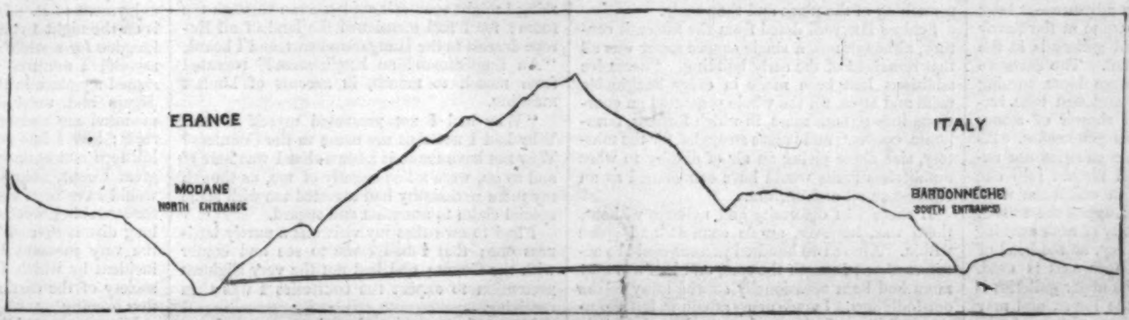
At length the time came for piercing the Alps—the men and the tools for this great work. An English Engineer, Mr. Bartlett, had patented, in 1855, a machine for perforating rock by a pointed iron bar, which was to be darted forth out of a tube charged, like an air-gun, with condensed air. It will, of course, be understood that the use of such an instrument is merely to bore a series of small holes, about two inches in diameter, which are to be filled with gunpowder for blasting, as is done in an ordinary mine. But Mr. Bartlett's apparatus was not suitable for a long tunnel, as it required a steam-engine to compress the air. No such engine, with its furnace or fire, could be kept at work in the far interior of the tunnel, miles away from the outer atmosphere. Steam-power must be superseded altogether. Sommeiller, a native of the Vallée de Sixt in Savoy, Grattoni and Grandis, natives of Piedmont—all students of the University of Turin, and intimate friends of each other—in 1854, becoming acquainted with Mr. Bartlett's use of the air-force to pierce holes in rocks, perceived that the combination of water-power with that striking and boring power would be just the agent wanted for the tunnel work of the Alpine railway. The design of these young engineers was promptly recognized and assisted by a truly liberal government. A bill was immediately passed by the Chamber of Deputies at Turin authorizing the Ministry to make experiments under the direction of Messrs. Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni, at the public cost; and M. Sommeiller was provided with a seat in Parliament that he might explain his plans for himself. Machinery was ordered from Belgium, manufactured by Messrs. Cockerell, near Liège, and set up at a place in the vicinity of San Pier d'Arena, near Genoa, where the double process of converting water-power into reserved air-power, and of applying the air-power, conveyed in long tubes, to the perforation of hard rock, was thoroughly tried with every possible variation. The result will be the conquest of the Alps, in the first instance, and subsequently, we doubt not, a future revolution in the system of underground mining, which will be conducted hereafter with a much higher degree of rapidity, economy, and safety than it has yet attained.

The arch of the tunnel is nearly semicircular; it is 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base, 26 feet 2¾ inches at the broadest part, and 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11¾ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are cased with masonry, as shown in the transverse section; at the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides are of stone, but at the Savoy end the whole is built of stone. Two lines of rail are laid down upon the floor of the tunnel, along which trains of wagons, drawn by horses, bring in the implements or materials for the work, and carry out the fragments of stone and rubbish from the excavation, to be thrown into a heap outside.

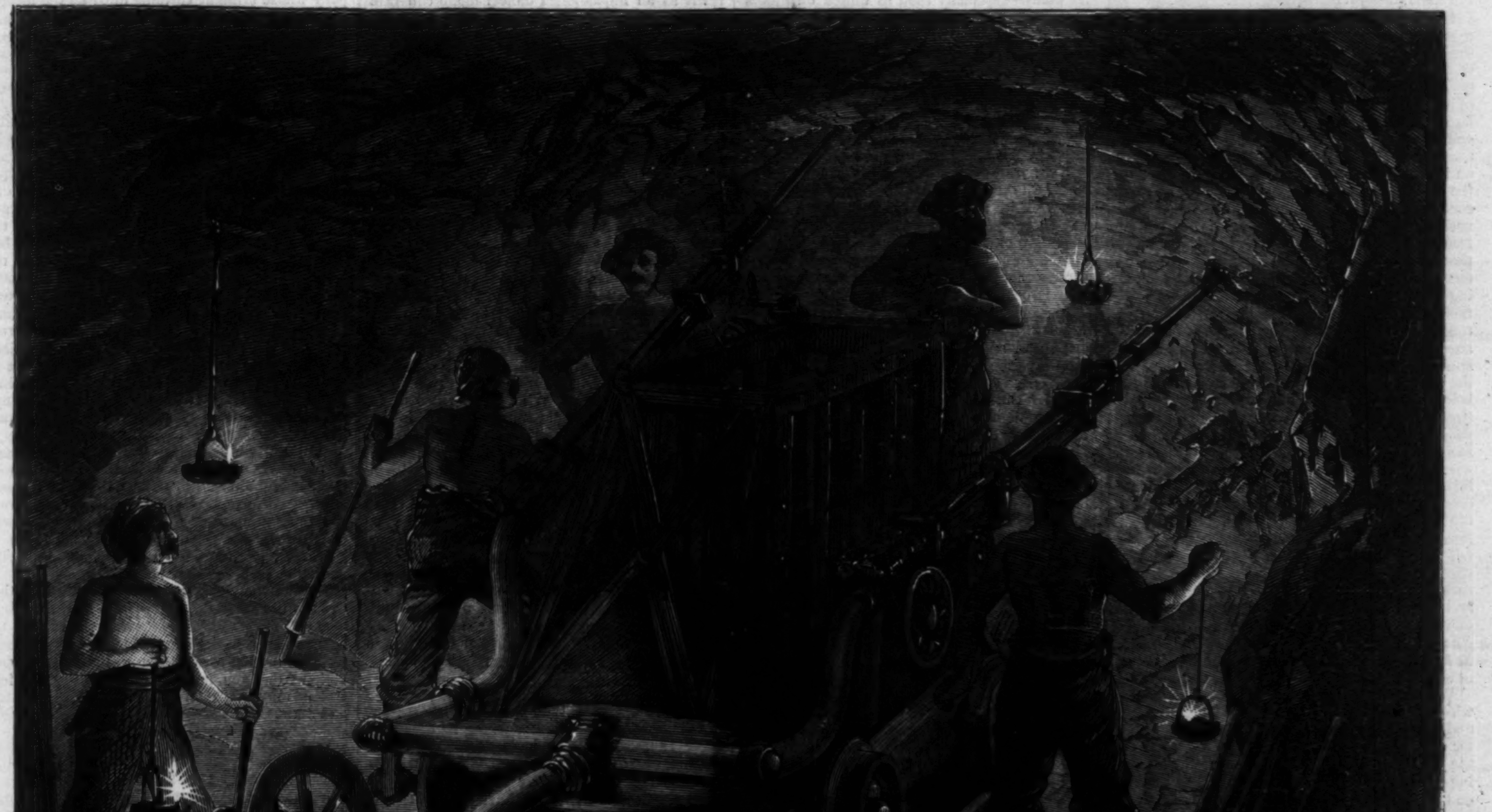
Before we look at the boring apparatus in the working galleries of excavation let us notice, more particularly, the mode in which the pneumatic power, or condensed-air force, employed there to drill holes in the rock, is generated and conveyed where



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF THE TUNNEL.



SECTION OF THE ALPS SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE RAILWAY TUNNEL.



BORING-MACHINE IN THE SECOND WORKING GALLERY.

it is wanted. If a quantity of air be compressed into one-sixth of its ordinary space, it acquires an elastic force equal to six times the common pressure of the atmosphere—namely, 84 pounds to the square inch. As the neighboring stream here does not flow equally well in all seasons, the water of the Arc is pumped up by hydraulic engines, and allowed to rise to a certain height in two vertical columns, at the top of each of which is a valve, opening outward, communicating with the chamber for the condensation of air. The action of a piston makes the water in each column alternately rise and fall; by which, in its rising, the air above it is driven up through the valve, and can not again escape; but in the falling of the water a vacuum is created, which is filled by the admission of common air from outside. The condensed air, with the density and elastic force of seven atmospheres, is kept in huge reservoirs, like steam-boilers, always ready for use; they have been left full-charged during twenty-four days, without losing more than a five-thousandth part of the stored-up power. An iron conduit-tube, or series of tubes, rather less than a foot in diameter, jointed together by strong rivets, is laid upon tiles along the tops of a row of square pillars of masonry going into the tunnel. This continuous tube of indefinite length conveys the pneumatic force from Fourneaux or Bardonnèche, where the air is condensed, to the most advanced part of the works, in the very bowels of the mountain, where the face of the rock is stabbed, torn, and blasted by the daring ingenuity of man.

The width and height of the intended excavation, including the space to be filled with masonry at the roof and sides, are so considerable that it has to be carried forward in three drifts or galleries, at different elevations. These do not keep pace with each other, but the lowest or main gallery is the farthest in advance—at least in the Piedmontese section; while at the Savoy end, we believe, the advanced gallery is at the top, near the roof of the tunnel. The entrance to each gallery is closed by large doors, turning on pivots, behind which the workmen take refuge from the explosion and shower of stones when they blast the rock with gunpowder. As the work progresses the three galleries are enlarged by manual labor, and thrown into one broad and lofty excavation, in which the walls and vault are then built to complete the tunnel. It is at the freshly-cut extremity of each working gallery, or, as miners would say, at the head of each drift, that the boring apparatus is used. That which is employed in the upper galleries is smaller and lighter than in the lower, and may be armed with only two or three piercing tools, instead of nine or ten; but they are applied in the same manner.

It will be sufficient for our readers to observe that an iron frame or carriage, traveling along the rails and coming up close to the uncut face of the rock, holds some rather complex machinery, which has a twofold action—namely, that of a piston in a cylinder for propelling, somewhat like a popgun, the boring tool against the rock; and, secondly, a rotary action, which at the same time works the valve of the propelling cylinder—an ingenious combination—and gives a twist to the boring tool when it enters the rock at each successive stroke. The boring tool, drill, or needle, or whatever it be called, is simply an iron bar, with a point 2 inches wide, shaped like that of a chisel or adze, and very frequently sharpened, hundreds and thousands of these tools being soon worn out. They are connected with their respective propelling cylinders by flexible tubes of India rubber, so that the men in attendance can direct the point of a tool not only straight forward, but to the right hand or to the left, or upward or downward, making the holes bored cross each other, or enlarging the size of the excavation. A second pipe accompanies each borer and pours in a little water to moisten the rock. The whole apparatus likewise communicates by a larger flexible tube, or hose, with the fixed iron tube from which it draws its supply of condensed air. The strokes of the tools smiting the rock make a noise which resembles the report of muskets. It is calculated that to bore eight holes of the requisite depth, which is 3 or 4 feet, in a hard piece of rock, the piston-rod must give 57,600 strokes, and the rotary cylinder makes an equal number of revolutions. The machinery therefore often gets out of repair, and on this account, as well as for the sharpening of the drills, the work-shops at each end of the tunnel are busily employed.

Whenever the requisite number of holes, which varies with the situation of the working and with the nature of the rock, have been bored for one blasting, the engine travels back out of the gallery; the men charge the holes with mining-powder, lay a train or light a slow match, and retire behind the closed doors till the rock is blown up. A strong jet of compressed air is then thrown in, which disperses the smoke and allows them to breathe as they go forward. The trucks or wagons are brought up to remove the broken stone; the road is cleared, and the machine again comes on to make a new attack, which is usually aimed rather to one side of the breach already opened, so that the whole width of the gallery is soon cleared. Sometimes, we believe, the alternate operations of boring and blasting can thus be performed in one gallery three or four times a day. But the substance of the mountain in one part is schist or limestone, in another part very hard quartz; and the rate of working is not always the same. Last year, in the Italian section, they were able to excavate a length of 9 feet daily, whereas this year 6 feet is all they can do; and the average progress of the Savoy portion is not more rapid. There is but an insignificant loss of power, about one-sixtieth part, from the prolongation of the conduit through which the condensed air passes to the workings. The heat in the tunnel is felt to be oppressive, which may be due to the discharge of excessive caloric from the condensed air. Visitors, before entering, change their clothes for a blouse and pair of linen trowsers; the workmen are often naked to the waist. But the atmosphere is not foul, or closer than in an ordinary mine, there being a special apparatus, before noticed, for the ventilation of the tunnel. It is lighted all the way by gas in pipes laid along the ground, with oil-lamps in the advanced galleries always burning; and the water is carried off by a covered drain in the middle of the floor.

The work never ceases, day or night, the men being divided into three gangs or "shifts," who labor each eight hours at a time. They are strong, sturdy, thick-set Piedmontese, indefatigable in their sober good-humor. Three-fourths of this gigantic task is now accomplished, the air-driven machines having been at work since 1861. It is expected that the tunnel will be finished three years hence. The total cost of the tunnel and its thirty-four miles of approaches is estimated at no less than £5,400,000.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCHLOSS HUNYADI.

When I had made known my rank and quality I was assigned a room—a very comfortable one—in one wing of the castle, and no more notice taken of me than if I had been a guest at an inn. The house was filled with visitors; but the master, with some six or seven others, was away in Transylvania, boar-shooting. As it was supposed he would not return for eight or ten days, I had abundant time to look about me and learn something of the place and the people.

Schloss Hunyadi dated from the fifteenth century, although now a single square tower was all that remained of the early building. Successive additions had been made in every imaginable taste and style, till the whole presented an enormous incongruous mass, in which fortress, farmhouse, convent, and palace struggled for the mastery, size alone giving an air of dignity to what numberless faults would have condemned as an outrage on all architecture.

If there was deformity and ugliness without, there was, however, ample comfort and space within. Above two hundred persons could be accommodated beneath the roof, and half as many more had been occasionally stowed away in the out-buildings. I made many attempts, but all unsuccessfully, to find out what number of servants the household consisted of. Several wore livery, and many—especially such as waited on guests humble as myself—were dressed in blouse, with the crest of the house embroidered on the breast; while a little army of retainers, in Jäger costume, or in the picturesque dress of the peasantry, lounged about the court-yard, lending a hand to unharness or harness a team, to fetch a bucket of water, or strap down a beast, as some weary traveler would ride in, splashed and wayworn. If there seemed no order or discipline any where, there was little confusion, and no ill-humor whatever. All seemed ready to oblige, and the work of life, so far as I could see from my window, went on cheerfully and joyfully, if not very regularly or well.

If there was none of the trim propriety, or that neatness that rises to elegance, which I had seen in my father's household, there was a lavish profusion here, a boundless abundance, that, contrasted with our mode of life, made us seem almost mean and penurious. Guests came and went unceasingly, and, to all seeming, not known to any one. An unbounded hospitality awaited all comers, and of the party who supped and caroused to-night none remained on the morrow, nor, perhaps, even a name was remembered.

It took me some days to learn this, and to know that there was nothing singular or strange in the position I occupied, living where none knew why or whence I came, or even so much as cared to inquire my name or country.

In the great hall, where we dined all together, the distinguished guests at one end of the table, the lesser notabilities lower down, and the menials last of all, there was ever a place reserved for sudden arrivals; and it was rare that the meal went over without some such. A hearty welcome and a cordial greeting were soon over, and the work of festivity went on as before.

I was soon given to understand that not only I might dispose of my time how I pleased, but that every appliance to do so agreeably was at my disposal, and that I might ride, or drive, or shoot, or sledge just as I fancied. And though I was cautious to show that my personal pretensions were of the very humblest, this fact seemed no barrier whatever to my enjoyment of all these courteous civilities.

"We're always glad when any one will ride the juckers," said a jäger to me; "they are ruined for want of exercise, and if you like three mounts a day you shall have them."

It was a rare piece of good luck for me that I could both ride and shoot. No two accomplishments could have stood me in such request as these, and I rose immensely in the esteem of those among whom I sat at table when they saw that I could sit a buck-jumper and shoot a wood-pigeon on the wing.

While I thus won such humble suffrages there was a higher applause that my heart craved and longed for. As the company—some five-and-twenty or thirty persons—who dined at the upper table withdrew after dinner they passed into the drawing-rooms, and we saw them no more., Of the music and dancing, in which they passed the evening, we knew nothing; and we, in our own way, had our revels, which certainly amply contented those who had no pretensions to higher company; but this was precisely what I could not, do what I might, divest myself of. Like one of the characters of my old favorite Balzac, I yearned to be once more in the "salon," and among "ces epaules blanches," where the whole game of life is finer, where the parries are neater, and the thrusts more deadly.

An accident gave me what all my ingenuity could not have effected. A groom of the chambers came suddenly one evening into the hall where we all sat to ask if any one there could play the new Csardas called the "Stephan." It was all the rage at Pesth; but no copy of it had yet reached the far east. I had learned this while at Pesth, and had the music with me; and, of course, offered my services at once. Scarcely permitted a moment to make some slight change of dress, I found myself in a handsome salon with a numerous company. In my first confusion, I could mark little beyond the fact that most of the persons were in the national costume, the ladies wearing the laced bodice, covered with precious stones, and the men in velvet coats, with massive turquoise buttons, the whole effect being something like that of a splendid scene in a theatre.

"We are going to avail ourselves of your talent at the piano, Sir," said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching with a courteous smile. "But let me first offer you some tea."

Not knowing if fortune might ever repeat her present favor, I resolved to profit by the opportunity to the utmost; and while cautiously repressing all display, contrived to show that I was master of some three or four languages, and a person of education generally.

"We are puzzled about your nationality, Sir," said the Countess to me. "If not too great a liberty, may I ask your country?"

When I said England, the effect produced was almost magical. A little murmur of something I might even call applause ran through the room; for I had mentioned the land of all Europe dearest to the Hungarian heart, and I heard, "An Englishman! an Englishman!" repeated from mouth to mouth, in accents of kindest meaning.

"Why had I not presented myself before? Why had I not sent my name to the Countess? Why not have made it known that I was here?" and so on, were asked eagerly of me, as though my mere nationality had invested me with some special claim to attention and regard.

I had to own that my visit was a purely business one; that I had come to see and confer with the Count; and had not the very slightest pretension to expect the courtesies I was then receiving.

My performance at the piano crowned my success. I played the "Csardas" with such spirit as an impassioned dancer alone can give to the measure he delights in, and two enthusiastic encores rewarded my triumph. "Adolf, you must play now, for I know the Englishman is dying to have a dance," said the gay young Countess Palfi; "and I am quite ready to be his partner." And the next moment we were whirling along in all the mad mazes of the "Csardas."

There is that amount of display in the dancing of the "Csardas" that not merely invites criticism, but actually compels an outspoken admiration whenever any thing like excellence accompanies the performance. My partner was celebrated for the grace and beauty of her dancing, and for those innumerable interpolations which, fancy or caprice suggesting, she could throw into the measure. To meet and respond to these by appropriate gesture, to catch the spirit of each mood, and be ready for each change, was the task now assigned me; and I need not say with what passionate ardor I threw myself into it. At one moment she would advance in proud defiance; and as I fell back in timid homage, she would turn and fly off in the wild transport of a waltz movement. Then it was mine to pursue and overtake her; and, clasping her, whirl away, till suddenly, with a bound, she would free herself, again to dramatize some passing emotion, some mood of deep dejection, or of mad and exuberant delight. It was clear that she was bent on trying the resources of my ingenuity to the very last limit; and the loud plaudits that greeted my successes had evidently put her pride on the mettle. I saw this, and saw, as I thought, that the contest had begun to pique; so, taking the next opportunity she gave me to touch her hand, I dropped on one knee, and kissing her fingers, declared myself vanquished.

A deafening cheer greeted this finale, and accompanied us as I led my partner to her seat.

It is a fortunate thing for young natures that there is no amount of praise, no quantity of flattery, ever palls upon them. Their moral digestion is as great as their physical; and even gluttony does not seem to hurt them. Of all the flattering speeches made me on my performance, none were more cordially uttered than by my beautiful partner, who declared that if I had but the Hungarian costume—where the clink of the spur and the jingle of the hussar equipment blend with the time—my "Csardas" was perfection.

Over and over again were regrets uttered that the Empress, who had seen the dance at Pesth done by timid and unimpassioned dancers, and who had, in consequence, carried away but a faint idea of its real captivation, could have witnessed our performance; and some even began to plot how such a representation could be prepared for her Majesty's next visit to Hungary. While they thus talked supper was announced; and as the company were marshaling themselves into the order to move forward, I took the opportunity to slip away unnoticed to my room, well remembering that my presence there was the result of accident, and that nothing but a generous courtesy could regard me as a guest.

I had not been many minutes in my room when I heard a footstep in the corridor. I turned the key in my lock, and put out my light.

"Herr Englander! Herr Englander!" cried a servant's voice, as a sharp knocking shook the door. I made no reply, and he retreated.

It was clear to me that an invitation had been sent after me; and this thought filled the measure of my self-gratulation, and I drew nigh my fire, to sit and weave the pleasantest fancies that had crossed my mind for many a long day.

I waited for some time, sitting by the fire-light, and then relit my lamp. I had a long letter to write to Mlle. Sara; for up to then I had said nothing of my arrival, nor given any account of the Schloss Hunyadi.

Had my task been simply to record my life and my impressions of those around me at Hunyadi, nothing could well have been much easier. My few days there had been actually crammed with those small and pleasant incidents which tell well in gossiping correspondence. It was all, too, so strange, so novel, so picturesque, that, to make an effective tableau of such a life, was merely to draw on memory.

There was a barbaric grandeur, on the whole, in the vast building; its crowds of followers, its hordes of retainers who came and went, apparently at no bidding but their own; in the ceaseless tide of travelers, who hospited for the night, went their way on the morrow, no more impressed by the hospitality, to all seeming, than by a thing they had their own valid right to. Details there were of neglect and savagery that even an humble household might have been ashamed of; but these were lost—submerged, as it were—in that ocean of boundless extravagance and cost, and speedily lost sight of.

It was now my task to tell Sara all this, colored by the light, a warm light, too, of my own enjoyment of it. I pictured the place as I saw it on the night I came, and told how I could not imagine for a while in what wild region I found myself; I narrated the way in which I was assigned my place in this strange world, with oberjägers and unter-jägers for my friends, who mounted me and often accompanied me in my rides; how I had seen the vast territories from hill-tops and eminences which pertained to the great Count, boundless plains that in summer would have been waving with yellow corn, and far-stretching woods of oak or pine lost in the long distance; and, last of all, coming down to the very moment I was writing, I related the incident by which I had been promoted to the society of the castle, and how I had passed my first evening.

My pen ran rapidly along as I told of the splendors and magnificence of the scene, and of a company whose brilliant costume filled up the measure of the enchantment. "They pass and repass before me in all their gorgeous bravery as I write; the air vibrates with the music, and unconsciously my foot keeps time with the measure of that Csardas that spins and whirls before me till my brain reels with a mad intoxication."

It was only when I read over what I had written that I became aware of the questionable taste of recording these things to one who perhaps was to read them after a day of heavy toil, or a sleepless night of watching. What will she think of me, thought I, if it be thus I seem to discharge the weighty trust confided to me? Was it to mingle in such revelries I came here, or will she deem that these follies are the fitting prelude to a grave and difficult negotiation? For a moment I had half determined to throw my letter in the fire, and limit myself simply to saying that I had arrived, and was awaiting the Count's return, but my pride, or rather my vanity, carried the day; and I could not repress the delight I felt to be in a society I clung to by so many interesting ties, and to show that here I was in my true element—here breathing the air that was native to me.

"I am not to be supposed to forget," I wrote, "that it was not for these pleasures you sent me here, for I bear well in mind why I have come, and what I have to do. Count Hunyadi is, however, absent, and will not return before the end of the week, by which time I fully hope that I shall have assured such a position here as will mainly contribute to my ability to serve you. I pray you, therefore, to read this letter by the light of the assurance I now give, and, though I may seem to lend myself too easily to pleasure, to believe that no seductions of amusement, no flatteries of my self-love, shall turn me from the devotion I owe you, and from the fidelity to which I pledge my life." With this I closed my letter and addressed it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SALON.

The morning after my Csardas success a valet in discreet black brought me a message from the Countess that she expected to see me at her table at dinner, and from him I learned the names and rank of the persons I had met the night before. They were all of that high noblesse which in Hungary assumes a sort of family prestige, and by frequent intermarriage really possesses many of the close familiar interests of the family. Austrians, or indeed Germans from any part, are rarely received in these intimate gatherings, and I learned with some surprise that the only strangers were an English "lord" and his countess—so the man styled them—who were then among the guests. "The lord" was with the Count on the shooting excursion; my lady being confined to her room by a heavy cold she had caught out sledging.

Shall I be misunderstood if I own that I was very sorry to hear that an Englishman and a man of title was among the company. Whatever favor foreigners might extend to any small accomplishments I could lay claim to, I well knew would not compensate in my countryman's eyes for my want of station. In my father's house I had often had occasion to remark that while Englishmen freely admitted the advances of a foreigner, and accepted his acquaintance with a courteous readiness, with each other they maintained a cold and studied reserve; as though no difference of place or circumstance was to obliterate that insular code which defines class, and limits each man to the exact rank he belongs to.

When they shall see, therefore, thought I, how my titled countryman will treat me—the distance at which he will hold me—and the measured firmness with which he will repel—not my familiarities, for I should not dare them, but simply the ease of my manner—these foreigners will be driven to regard me as some ignoble upstart who has no pretension whatever to be among them. I was very unwilling to encounter this humiliation. It was true I was not sailing under false colors. I had assumed no pretensions from which I was now to retreat. I had nothing to disown or disavow; but still I was about to be the willing guest of a society, to a place in which, in my own country, I could not have the faintest pretension; and it was just possible that my countryman might bring this fact before me.

He might do worse—he might question me as to who and what I was; nor was I very sure how my tact or my temper might carry me through such an ordeal.

Would it not be wiser and better for me to avoid this peril? Should I not spare myself much mortification and much needless pain? Thus thinking, I resolved to wait on the Countess at once, and explain frankly why I felt obliged to decline the gracious courtesy she had extended to me, and refuse an honor so full of pleasure and of pride.

She was not alone as I entered—the Countess Palfi was with her—and I scarcely knew how to approach my theme in presence of a third person. With a bold effort, however, I told what I had come for; not very collectedly, indeed, nor perhaps very intelligibly, but in such a way as to convey that I had not courage to face what might look at least like a false position, and was almost sure to entail all the unpleasant relations of such. "In fact, Madam," said I, "I am nobody; and in my country men of rank never associate with nobodies, even by an accident. My lord would not forgive you for throwing him into such acquaintanceship, and I should never forgive myself for having caused you the unpleasantness. I don't imagine I have made my meaning very clear."

"You have certainly made me very uncomfortable," broke in Countess Hunyadi, thoughtfully. "I thought that we Hungarians had rather strict notions on these subjects, but these of your country leave them miles behind."

"And are less reasonable besides," said the Palfi, "since your nobility is being continually recruited from so rich a bourgeoisie."

"At all events," cried the Countess, suddenly, "we are here at Schloss Hunyadi, and I am its mistress. I invite you to dine with me; it remains for you to decide how you treat my invitation."

"Put in that way, Madam, I accept with deference." And I bowed deeply and moved toward the door. The ladies acknowledged my salute in silence, and, I fancied, with coldness, and I retired.

I was evidently mistaken in attributing coldness to their manner; the ladies received me when I appeared at dinner with a marked cordiality. I sat next Madame Palfi, who talked to me like an old friend; told me who the various people at table were; and gave me great pleasure by saying that I was sure to become a favorite with Count Hunyadi, who delighted in gayety, and cherished all those that promoted it. Seeing what interest I took in the ways of Hungarian life, she explained many of the customs I saw around me, which, deriving from a great antiquity, were doubtless soon destined to give way before the advance of a higher civilization. I asked what she knew of the English guests. It was nothing, or next to nothing—Count Hunyadi had made their acquaintance at Baden that summer, and invited them to pass their Christmas with him. Countess Palfi had herself arrived since they came, and not seen them, for "my lord," as he was generally called, had left at once to join the shooting-party; and my lady had not appeared since the day after her arrival. "I only know that she is a great beauty, and of most charming manners. The men all rave of her, so that we are half jealous already. We were expecting to see her at dinner to-day, but we hear that she is less well than yesterday."

"Do you know their name?"

"No; I believe I heard it—but I am not familiar with English names, and it has escaped me; but I will present you by-and-by to Count George Szechenyi, who was at Baden when the Hunyadi met them—he'll tell you more of them."

I assured her that my curiosity was most amply satisfied already. It was a class in which I could not expect to find an acquaintance, far less a friend.

"There is something almost forced in this humility of yours," cried she. "Are we to find out some fine morning that you are a prince in disguise?" She laughed so merrily at her own conceit that Madame Hunyadi asked the cause of her mirth.

"I will tell you later on," said she. We soon afterward rose to go into the drawing-room, and I saw as they laughed together that she had told her what she said.

"Do you know," said the Countess Hunyadi, approaching me, "I am half of Madame Palfi's mind, and I shall never rest till you reveal your secret to us."

I said something laughingly about my incognito being the best coat in my wardrobe, and the matter dropped. That night I sung several times, alone, and in duet, with the Palfi, and was overwhelmed with flatteries of my "fresh tenor voice" and my "admirable method." It was something so new and strange to me to find myself the centre of polite attentions, and of those warm praises which consummate good-breeding knows how to bestow without outraging taste, that I found it hard to repress the wild delight that possessed me.

If I had piqued their curiosity to find out who or what I was, I had also stimulated my own ambition to astonish them.

"He says he will ride out with me to-morrow, and doesn't care if I give him a lively mount," said one, speaking of me.

"And you mean to gratify him, George?" asked another.

"He shall have the roan that hoisted you out of the saddle with his hind-quarters."

"Come, come, gentlemen, I'll not have my protégé injured to gratify your jealousies," said Madame Hunyadi; "he shall be my escort."

"If he rides as he plays billiards you need not be much alarmed about him. The fellow can do what he likes at the cannon game."

"I'd give fifty Naps to know his history," cried another.

I was playing chess as he said this, and turning my head quietly around I said, "The secret is not worth half the money, Sir; and if it really interests you, you shall have it for the asking."

He muttered out a mass of apologies and confused excuses, to all the embarrassment of which I left him most pitilessly, and the incident ended. I saw, however, enough to perceive that if I had won the suffrages of the ladies, the men of the party had conceived an undisguised dislike of me, and openly resented the favor shown me.

"What can you do with the foils, young gentleman?" whispered Szechenyi to me, as he came near.

"Pretty much as I did with you at billiards, a while ago," said I, insolently, for my blood was up, and I burned to fix a quarrel somewhere.

"Shall we try?" asked he, dryly.

"If you say without the buttons, I agree."

"Of course I mean that."

I nodded, and he went on:

"Come down to the riding-school by the first light to-morrow then, and I'll have all in readiness."

I gave another nod of assent, and moved away. I had enough on my hands now, for, besides other engagements, I had promised the Countess Palfi to arrange a little piece for private theatricals, and have it ready by the time of Count Hunyadi's return. So far from feeling oppressed or overwhelmed by the multiplicity of these cares, they stimulated me to a degree of excitement almost maddening. Failure somewhere seemed inevitable, and, for the life of me, I could not choose where it should be. As my spirits rose, I threw off all the reserve I had worn before, and talked away with an animation and boldness I felt uncontrollable. I made "calembourgs," and dashed off impromptu verses at the piano, and when, culminating in some impertinence by a witty picture of the persons around me, I had convulsed the whole room with laughter, I sprang up, and saying good-night, disappeared.

The roars of their laughter followed me down the corridor, nor did they cease to ring in my ears till I had closed my door.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF CONVENT LIFE.

Seldom is the true evil of the conventual life, its infinite pettiness, brought before the public as it has been by the case of "Saurin *v.* Star," now being heard before the Queen's Bench in England. In this case the plaintiff is a sincere Catholic, who has lived the conventual life for thirteen years, who approves it, and who complains not of any restraint, but of unjust compulsion to go free. Nothing is said or hinted of the convent in Hull but what might be alleged of any very strictly ruled establishment, and there is no disposition to assail either the theory or the practice of conventual discipline. Miss Saurin's case is that of a young girl who early in life took the conventual vows, with the idea of devoting her existence to religious devotion, but who was condemned to the most menial toil.

The Romish Church, by introducing the idea of vicarious worship, of a magnificent good to be gained for the mass of mankind by those who retreat, of a direct help thereby afforded by recluses to the scheme of salvation, has entirely removed the sense alike of uselessness and of isolation, and has added to the charm of passive meditation the stronger attraction of an active and inevitably successful benevolence. That is the theory; now let us see how it works. Nobody questions the authenticity of this letter, addressed by Sister Scholastica, Miss Saurin, to the Superioress of the convent at Hull; or that she is not only an intense Catholic, but in desire a fervent nun:

> "Were I only humble, charitable, and obedient, I feel I would be all, and still, with all my sins and faults, I do not feel I am worse, and hope, through the mercy of our good God, one day to be better, with the assistance of the many good holy prayers that are offered for me. I have begged hard in my offering of the works, etc., of this month the poor souls to help me, which I feel they will. I once contradicted Sr. M. Agnes, and answered her in a disrespectful manner—said the Office of the Dead so badly that I feel Sr. M. Evangelista must have been dissatisfied, and both sisters greatly distracted. I will try to learn it. I have been very often unkind and impatient with the little children; showed a dislike to do things I was told by my superior; often ring the bells a few minutes late. I feel you do not know I go to the library every Sunday. Sr. Mary Evangelista has not a thing to do at the time. You know better than I can explain to you those who come there talk. How I am to avoid speaking to them I know not; it is the cause of more pain than I can tell you, though it lasts only half an hour or a little more. Another thing, I do not know whether I am interfering in others' business, but as I have been so long trying to sweep out a large school with a little help, on my knees, with an old hand-brush, and one you could scarcely call a brush, I do not think, now that we have got a little better brush, you would allow it (the school-brush) to be used for all the stone steps, passages, pantry, and scullery (which are always wet), kitchen, etc. The last brush was worn out on those; then it was left in the school. I do not know whether Sr. M. Agnes is aware of it or not, but I would not make a remark about it except to you. May I use the *Elevation of the Soul* for a meditation book, or some of those small ones on the Passion from the case in community-room, with Sr. M. Agnes's permission?"

The mind, violently driven back on itself, exaggerates every thing till the minutest trifles occupy it more than great events, till the convent becomes a small microcosm of the world, till the soul is *more* choked with cares, *more* harassed by temptations, more distracted with human impulses than it could have been abroad. The worn brush takes the place of poverty, Sister Evangelista of worldly opinion, the temptation to talk of the temptations to frivolity, weariness of petty details of the *ennui* which out of England is perhaps the greatest snare of all. The writer of this note may be a weak sister, for aught we know; but Henrietta Caracciolo was not weak, and her testimony is precisely the same; that the result of removing real obstacles to devotion is to make of false ones real; that after years of careful avoidance of dangers, the very wind has terror in it. Every revelation of convent life points to the same truth—that the convent is and must be but the world, dwarfed down to a littleness which makes those who have to live in it little also, a world in which in the absence of ambition there is envy; in the absence of avarice, parsimony; in the absence of war, bitter contentiousness. The mind is reduced with that which troubles it, till in the estimate of results no gain whatever can be found.

It seems strange that while Spain has abolished religious houses, their worst features should be permitted in a country like England. Here the nunneries are barred against public inspection, and there is no check upon the superiors. In any one of them mistaken girls may be enduring, without being able to communicate with their friends, indignities and persecutions like those heaped upon Miss Saurin. It so happens that the Court of Queen's Bench in Dublin has been occupied with a convent case while the court in London has been inquiring into the wrongs of Miss Saurin. A young lady of sixteen, in the Loretto Convent School, Rathfarnham, wished to leave, to reside with her mother. The mother had frequently written letters to her daughter, but they had all been returned unopened; even the mother's solicitor had not been allowed to deliver a letter to the young lady. Another case is to be brought before the Belgian courts. A nun, we are told, belonging to one of the best families of the neighborhood, was placed by the Lady Superior in a damp underground cell. She had been several days in confinement, when, from the narrow opening by which her prison received a little light from the garden, she succeeded in attracting the attention of a man working there, who consented to procure for her writing materials, and to convey a letter to her brother-in-law. The latter, on receiving the communication, went to the convent and asked to see his sister-in-law, but was informed that she was in religious retirement, and could not be seen. He succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, but he had to call in a commissary of police, when it was found on visiting the cellars underground that five other nuns were confined in the same manner. In a free country can these cruelties be perpetrated beyond the control of the law?

CONVENT LIFE.

"Wilt thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?
Is it not a better thing
With thy friends to laugh and sing?
To be loved and sought, Sophie,
To be wooed and won?
Dost thou love the shadow, Sophie,
Better than the sun?"

'Tis an ancient song, ladies:
Do you like it well?
Tired of balls that last till day,
Tired of throwing time away,
Far from fools and flirts, ladies,
You are fain to dwell.
May you not discover, ladies,
That the cell's a sell?

You would think of heaven, ladies,
'Neath a crucifix—
Linger in delusive dream
Till the brides of Christ you seem—
Call wild visions down, ladies,
With your life to mix—
Play with feeble brains, ladies,
Foolish Papist tricks.

Ball-room and boudoir, ladies,
Leave, amid your bloom—
Shrink from the Superior's whip,
Kneel, and kiss the floor, and strip—
With those dainty hands, ladies,
Wield the house-maid's broom:
That's the sort of life, ladies,
'Mid the Convent's gloom.

Dreariness and dirt, ladies,
Sullenness and strife,
Better far in youth to die,
Than for long dull years to try
This sad, sordid prison, ladies,
This mere death in life.
Who would be a nun, ladies,
That could be a wife?

Must you be a nun, Sophie,
'Neath a luckless star?
Have you made your little mind
Up to be for life confined—
Bullied by a mistress, Sophie,
Foolish as you are?
Better take a master, Sophie,
He'd be kinder far.

THE POPE AND EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

The Pope appears to deplore the movement for the education of girls heartily. He evidently holds that if the girls of Europe are to be educated, the women of Europe will cease to be Roman Catholics; and if the women of Europe cease to be Roman Catholics, it is all over with the Pope. The particular occasion of his anxiety is the foundation of a college for women at Montpelier, which has been supported and patronized by a "highly pious princess;" but which the Pope thinks will "inflate" women's minds with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," instead of fitting them to be good mothers and useful members of society. It is curious to see even the Pope compelled to encounter the modern spirit on its own ground, and not on his own. If he said what he evidently in his heart desires, it would be that schools and colleges for men and women alike should be abolished, as tending to inflate the mind with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," but he is compelled to take the weaker ground of denouncing education for women only. For the ignorance of men it is no longer possible to contend. The ignorance of women is still the strong-hold of the Papacy; but would it not be better policy to resist it by *secret* organization, than thus openly blurt out the facts?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Riddle.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a facetious lady to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask for?—A husband.

Why is the President like an American gift?—Because he is a U. S. Grant.

At an auction of miscellaneous articles out of doors it began to sprinkle, when a by-stander advised the auctioneer that the next article he had better put up should be an umbrella.

Why should womankind be considered insane?—Because they are all mad-dames.

Judge B., whose house has been burglarized no less than three times within the last six months, had the top story of the aforesaid house burned off last week. In a P.S. to a letter announcing the fact, he philosophically adds: "The *dearest* place on earth to me is Home, sweet home!"

What fairs should young men shun most?—Fair-deceivers.

"That is rather hard on Grant, that remark by Colfax." "What?" says a credulous listener. "Why, Colfax says Grant will turn out the worst President we ever had." The *turn-out* was on March 4.

Change of Name.—By the use of an Auricomous Something-or-other, Miss Hannah Brown has succeeded in turning her brown locks to a dusky gold. Jones says that she ought to be re-christened Dye-Hannah. Jones is a wag.

Lord Lovell he stood by the garden-gate,
With his shining velocipede,
And whispered farewell to his Lady Bell,
Who wished for his Lordship good-speed, speed, speed.
Who wished for his Lordship good-speed.

"When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said,
But he gave her question no heed—
Placed his feet in the stirrups and galloped away
On his famous velocipede, pede, pede.
On his famous, etc.

Then Lady Bell cried, in frantic alarm,
"What a monster my Lord is, indeed,
To ride thus away from his loving young wife,
On that horrid velocipede, pede, pede!"
On that horrid, etc.

Lord Lovell returned, broken-hearted and sore,
Broken-armed and, alas! broken-kneed;
For he struck on a post, nearly gave up the ghost,
And smashed his velocipede, pede, pede.
And smashed, etc.

MORAL.

Remember the fate Lord Lovell has met,
Let this be your warning and creed;
Stay at home with your wife for the rest of your life,
And beware of the velocipede, pede, pede.
And beware, etc.

"This is capital ale!" said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head!" "Ay," said a by-stander; "but consider how soon it takes away yours!"

A Stable Secret—A Mare's Nest.

"My lord!" said the foreman of a Welsh jury when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty!"

A good Northampton lady who had never cooked oysters but knew they were delicious, decided to gratify the family on their return from a visit with a dish of the bivalves. She explained her perplexities thus: "I found it very difficult to dress them," said she, "so I just held on to their wings and cut the stomachs off. I guess they'll be good."

An old lady in New Jersey, having read an account of the bursting of a grindstone in a manufacturing establishment, became terribly alarmed less a grindstone which was standing in her cellar should burst and blow the house up.

If a bird can sing and won't sing, what's to be done?—Why, take it to a *chirop*-odist!

A New Orleans lady, wishing to surprise her husband with the present of a dozen shirts, went to a furnishing store, asked if they could "make her a dozen shirts," and ordered them sent home without his knowledge. The clerk took the order, but requested her to "step this way a moment." She did so, when the furnisher whipped out a tape-measure, and proceeded to take the breadth of her shoulders: "Why, what are you doing, Sir?" demanded the astonished lady. "Why, taking your measure, to be sure!" was the confident reply; "how else are we to make your shirts?" "My shirts! Why, didn't I tell you the shirts were for my husband?" "No, Madam; *I thought they were for you*," was the reply.

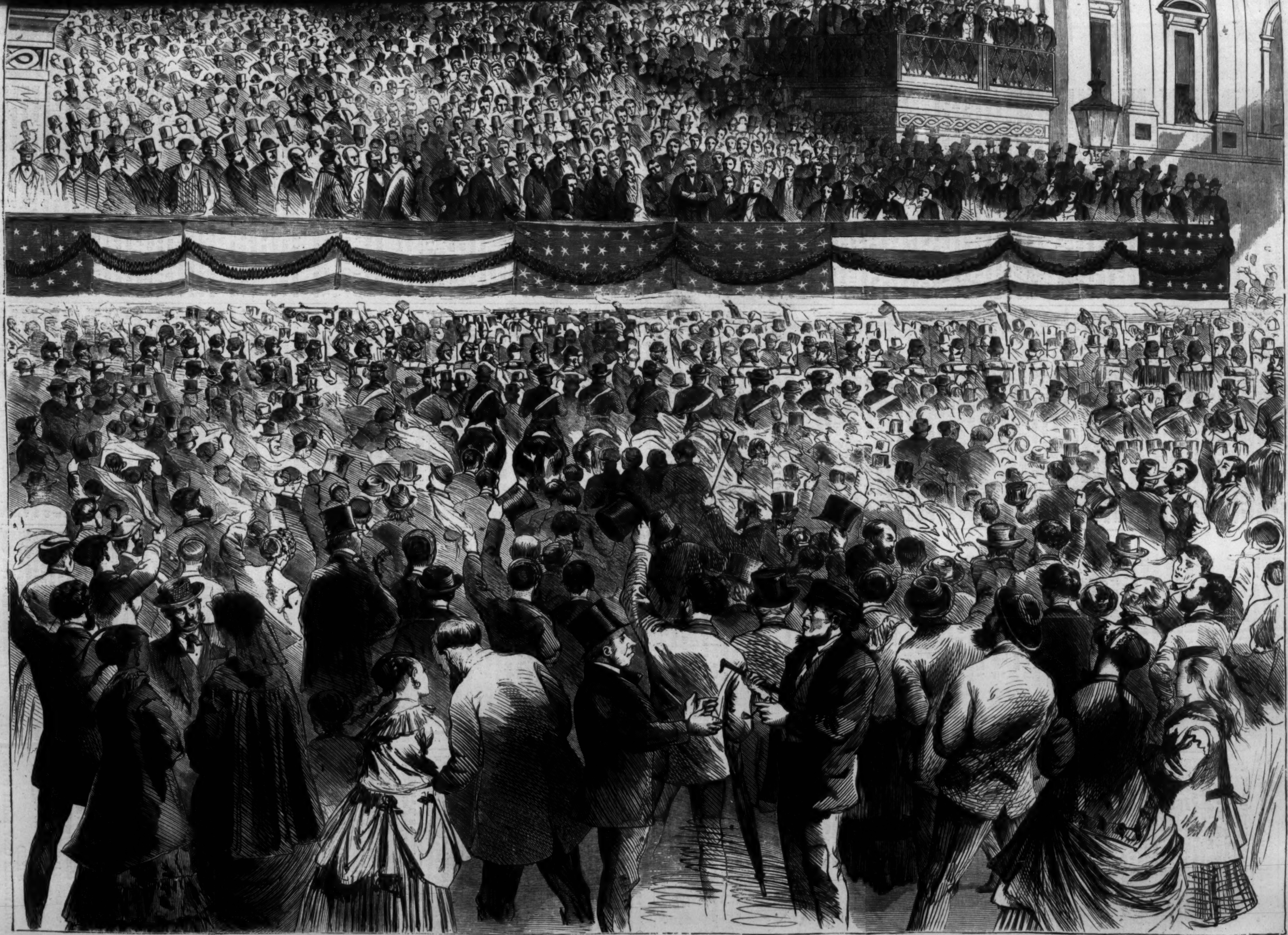
A Lone Man—The pawnbroker.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said when he swallowed the bait.

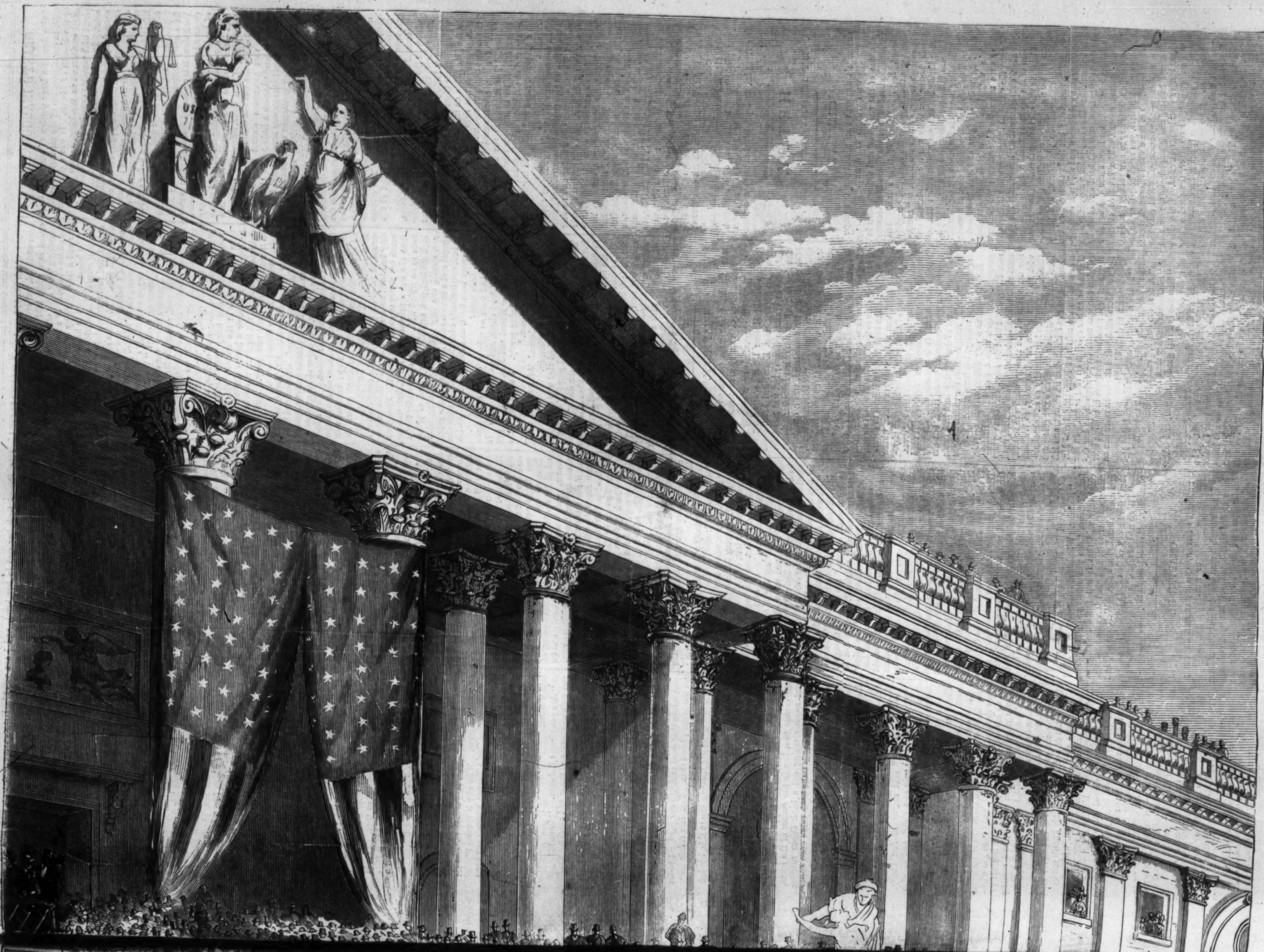
Burning Words—A dictionary in flames.

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?"

"A willow branch, Sir; the master has used up almost a whole tree."



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GRANT, MARCH 4, 1869.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARDNER AND BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



GRANT'S INAUGURATION.

WE devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of the memorable events of the Fourth of March. It was a day of unusual excitement in Washington, even as compared with previous occasions of a similar character. President GRANT, owing his elevation to a popular purpose which nothing could withstand rather than to a distinctively party choice, awakens, therefore, an enthusiasm among the people that is scarcely disturbed by the elements of political conflict. He stands forth a living symbol of the dawning era of peace and good-will.

Washington City was crowded with visitors from every section of the country. From New York alone it is estimated that there came twenty thousand persons to participate in the ceremonies of inauguration. The rain disappointed many of the spectators by dimming the outward splendors—the parades and processions—that had been prepared, but their interest in the main event of the day was not diminished.

The vast procession started from General GRANT'S head-quarters a little before 11 o'clock A.M. General GRANT was accompanied by Mr. COLFAX. Both gentlemen were dressed in full suits of black. Upon arriving at the White House it was ascertained that Mr. JOHNSON was not to take part in the ceremonies; he was even then about to enter his carriage, and the cannon which saluted the retiring President was also the signal for the moving on of the procession to the Capitol. As if to greet the new President with auspicious omens, the bright sunshine had displaced the rain of the morning. The cortege arrived at the east front of the Capitol at five minutes before noon.

General GRANT then entered the Senate-room, where, in the presence of the Senate, the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, and a brilliant audience of ladies, the oath was administered to Vice-President COLFAX by Mr. WADE, as shown in the illustration on our first page.

A procession was then formed, which passed to the east front, where General GRANT took the oath of office, administered by Chief-Justice CHASE. The cannon in the adjacent square boomed forth its twenty-one rounds by way of salute, and in the midst of applauding cheers the new President arose and delivered his Inaugural Address.

In connection with our illustration of the inauguration we give on page 180 portraits of JESSE R. and HANNAH GRANT, the father and mother of our new President. As our readers already know, GRANT'S ancestors were Scotch. MATTHEW GRANT, his lineal ancestor, came to this country in 1630. The father of the President was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794; the mother was a Miss HANNAH SIMPSON, of Montgomery County, in the same State. They were married in 1821 in Ohio, to which State both had moved; she in 1818, and he some years before. JESSE R. GRANT was present at his son's inauguration, and was quite severely injured after the ceremony, by falling down a flight of stone steps on the east side of the Capitol.

Our illustration of the inauguration is engraved from photographs by BRADY, of Washington, which, as specimens of photographic art, excel any thing hitherto produced in such a connection.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

REBECCA'S REASONS FOR MARRYING ANY BODY WHO WOULD TAKE HER.

IN one of the narrowest and dullest lanes in the neighborhood of Walham Green lived George Turner, Esq., Solicitor, of Gray's Inn. His house was the largest in the lane, had certainly pretensions to be, or to have been, a "gentleman's" house, for there was a coach-house and stable beside it; and the garden before and behind was full three-quarters of an acre.

The other houses in the lane were eight-roomed, semi-detached, brown brick boxes of houses; with long gardens in front, and little back-yards, with a water-butt and a clothes-line behind. They were miserable little places; yet Rebecca Turner, the youngest daughter, while lolling and yawning, could envy their inhabitants the possession of the key many times a day.

For there was life among them. Those among them who were thrifty, or well to do, or childless, or whose children were good, had pretty plots of flowers even; but this was rare, for there were too many children; and so, on a washing-day, the clothes-lines and poles were always up in the front-garden, stamped hard and black by a hundred little feet. Nay, there was another reason against flowers. The landlord of that lane did not see his way to new palings; and so, if you wanted flowers, you must keep them in repair yourself. Yet there was life enough there. The neighbors—the women—dawdled into one another's houses, and gossiped—nay, now and then, but very seldom, quarreled. Once there was a fire; and Miss Turner, the precise elder daughter, seeing them running, hoped it was not *their* house. "No such luck," said Miss Rebecca, with such singular emphasis that her elder sister let her be.

Turner's house, or The Cedars, stood back from the road, in a blotch of mangy grass, and a blotch of mangy, soot-stained gravel, and accounted for its apparent usurped title by one miserable stump and one miserable bough of the tree of Lebanon, which solitary bough pointed meekly and sorrowfully to where its brother had once stood. Behind the house was a bit of kitchen-garden, and a bit of grass unmown for years; which would have been something had it been secluded, but even that was denied you. It ended in a wide, wild waste of market-garden, stretching away acre after acre. The timber on the estate consisted of a broken-down mulberry-tree and a large quantity of sooty lilac.

The house, though in habitable repair, was in that half state of dilapidation which is sometimes a good deal more melancholy than a really good downright ruin. The ruin says to you, "Here, come here, I belong to you as much as to any one now; come, and I will tell you stories;" and tells them to you accordingly; whereas the half-dilapidated house says only, "We have secrets here yet." Turner's house was dark red brick, with a high tile roof, perpendicular to the top of the garret-windows, and then sloping like another—the most hideous of roofs; its door was approached by high steps, and the windows of the living-rooms were long and narrow, with thick wooden frames and bulgy glass panes; some were with a knob in the middle, which made looking out of window a luxury difficult to indulge in: internally, the furniture was principally of horse-hair and dark mahogany. And Miss Rebecca wished it was burned down.

In this house she lived. Mr. Turner was in religion of the strictest form of Calvinism and Sabbatarianism, forbidding any books except theological ones on a Sunday, and never allowing a novel or a book of poetry into the house. There had been a time once when she had been able to escape all this; before she had grown up; but that was all over. She had, unlike her sister, grown up good-looking. The widower, her father, had consulted religious women of the congregation; they had been unanimous; the girl Rebecca was much too pretty to go out by herself. From that time she was a prisoner, for her father was no man to be trifled with. Can one wonder that a high-spirited girl, capable of any kind of pleasure, should one very wet Sunday evening, after chapel and a sermon of an hour, as she was going to bed, emphatically wish she was dead, wish she had never been born, and most particularly wish she had been ugly?

"If I had been as ugly as you, I could have gone any where I chose, and done as I liked. It was old Mother Russel and Mrs. Soper that put *him* up to my being pretty. I wish *they* were dead with all my heart."

"My dear sister Rebecca! After chapel, too!" said her sister Carry, solemnly.

She didn't say she wished *that* was dead; she only clenched her hands and gasped for breath. That was the last of it all—all the dull misery of her life came before her stronger than ever at the mention of chapel, and she cast herself sobbing on the bed.

"I wish somebody would come and marry me," she said; "but there's no chance—no young men ever come near us. I'd marry Jim Akers, I'd marry any body—except that beast," she added, suddenly, with a shrill determination which pointed to a small chance in favor of the beast's prospects, and then by degrees she sobbed herself quiet.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. RUSSEL TELLS MISS SOPER SO MUCH AS SHE KNOWS OF THE FAMILY HISTORY.

THE lady so disrespectfully mentioned by Miss Rebecca as old Mother Russel, was taking tea with Miss Soper. Mrs. Russel had been, some said, born at Walham Green; but was certainly, with few exceptions, the oldest inhabitant there; Miss Soper, on the other hand, was a comparatively new-comer. These, it will be remembered, were the two ladies who had given poor Rebecca such very dire offense by persuading her father that she was too pretty to walk out by herself; and, having just talked through some of their other neighbors in whom we are not interested, and having come to the Turners, in whom we are, we will just make bold to listen a little to them.

Mrs. Russel was a fat, heavy woman, whose fat, unlike that of some people, had become physically distressing to her, and had made her cross. She had discovered the solace of spirits, but used them moderately. It is possible that she may have been a good-natured woman once, but the continual distress of her earthly load had made her ill-natured. Religion with her meant a slight excitement and society, but little more.

Miss Soper was a very different woman—pale, gaunt, black, rigid, with a face like a Roman-nosed horse. She had been for some years teacher in a small suburban ladies' school, until she came into a little money, when she retired, with no heart and a small annuity, to Walham Green. It was in her capacity as ex-schoolmistress that she voted on Rebecca's not going out alone. She was consulted as an expert, and left no doubt on the minds of Mrs. Russel and Mr. Turner as to her opinion on *that* score. In her religion she was most deeply sincere, in her duties most rigid; she saw no harm in talking over her neighbors' affairs, and she had a voice like an aged pie-man to do it with.

"That's a bright, clever-looking girl, that Rebecca Turner," she said. "Quick to learn."

"A deal too quick," said Mrs. Russel.

"She seems quicker than her sister."

"Caroline is a real good pious girl, and takes after her father."

"Rebecca don't, then?" said Miss Soper.

"No, Rebecca is another sort of girl. She looks so like her mother sometimes that I shake like a mould of jelly" (which was an apt illustration). "She takes after her mother; and Turner is a man who washes his dirty linen at home, but I misdoubt he has trouble with her now. If he hasn't, he will."

"Did he have trouble with her mother, then?"

"*Do you mean to say you have never heard?*" said Mrs. Russel, in solemn *staccato*.

"How could I? I had not come to the Green. Do tell," said Miss Soper, eagerly.

Mrs. Russel took her cup in her hand, and having stirred her tea, used the spoon for rhetorical purposes, and solemnly and immediately began.

"There's never been murder *done* in that house, my dear, for there's many a slip between cup and lip, but it's been *hollered* often enough. Awful nights have been in that house, my dear, between Turner and his wife," she continued, drawing closer and speaking low; "she yelling at the top of her voice at him, calling him every bad name she could lay her tongue to; he praying at the top of his voice, to pray the evil spirit out of her, until he'd lose his temper and fixt hold of her, and you'd hear her trying to bite him; and the little children a-screaming, and the maid run away for fear, and all the lane out to listen! Ah, quiet as Turner looks now, he has had something to go through in his time. You may well ask if he had trouble with his wife."

"Was she mad?"

"He never dared say it of her at all events," said Mrs. Russel. "I'll tell you all I know. She was a lady. Says you, so are we. I mean a real lady. Says you again, so are we. But I mean a real tip-top carriage lady, you know."

So did Miss Soper, who nodded. "And how did she come to marry him, then?"

"Well, Turner is a good figure of a man, though it was not that. He had got the management of her affairs when she was left a widow, and he managed them well enough to excite her gratitude; and she had been ill-used, and her friends had dropped away, and I fancy she thought she might do worse, and so she had him; and a bad job it was. But if a good sound Protestant marries a Papist and a worldling with his eyes open he must take the consequences."

"A Papist!" almost screeched Miss Soper. "Mr. Turner marry a Papist!"

"Well, she had a fine penny of money, mind you, and she was a thorough worldling, and careless of religion, and Turner thought he could convert her. We used to have her name down for conversion in the general prayer ever so long until she found it out, and had words with him. But it all came to nothing; she laughed him to scorn when he spoke to her about it, all of which he has told us at experience-meetings; and she found *that* out, and got furious, and things went on from bad to worse until Caroline being born put things square for a time. But after that Rebecca was born, Mrs. Turner fell ill, and asked for a priest to come to her, she having, of course, gone to mass on her own accord; and he made answer that no priest should cross his doors, not if she was on her death-bed. That was the worst scene she made him, for she started up in a shawl and petticoat to run all the way to Cadogan Terrace by Sloane Street, and had to be fetched back by force. Well, then nothing went right any way, and she seemed to lose head. She accused him of taking her money, and insisted that one of the children should be brought up a Papist, and used to smuggle off Rebecca continually to mass and confession, and such things, and some say got the child baptized into the Romish faith."

"It is extremely probable," said Miss Soper; "and how did it end?"

"It was after a worse row than usual," said Mrs. Russel, lowering her voice again. "It was the worst and the last, and there had been violence—it all came out at the inquest—and she went out somewhere, some said to the public house, but I never saw nothing of that, and others will confirm me; and when she came back he had gone away with little Rebecca, leaving word that she would never see the child no more, for that he had taken it away to save its soul."

"He was a fool to do that," said Miss Soper.

Mrs. Russel eyed her curiously. "You're a sensible woman, ma'am," she said; "though I doubt if we are right religiously, seeing that he saved it from Popery. But," added the vulgar old gossip, flushing up scarlet, "if my man had come between me and my children in the old times I'd have— But as I was saying, when she hears that, she outs into the lane and carries on to that extent that Mrs. Akin (the washer-woman, you know, my dear soul, Jim Akin's, the costermonger's, mother, whose mother had been with the barrer for years herself) says she never heard any thing like it. There was nothing low in it—no vulgar language nor swearing—but just downright awful cursing, like that in the Bible; and it frightened all that heard it. Then she went into the house and up stairs; and the maid had run away. And when he came home the neighbors told him what they'd seen, and how the child (that's Caroline now) had been a-crying all the afternoon. And when they burst in there she was a-lying stone-dead at the bottom of the stairs."

"What did the inquest say?"

"Nothing. Whether she fell down, or chucked herself down, there was nothing to show. The child only said that it had found its mamma asleep on her face, and that it wanted its tea, and couldn't make her wake. Well, ma'am, and that's the history of that little mystery."

"I'll go and see 'em," said Miss Soper, emphatically. "What time do they have their tea?"

CHAPTER III.

REBECCA'S LOVER, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HIM.

MR. TURNER, a man of about sixty, must have been at one time handsome, but now, although his features were good, his complexion was gone; and the continual habit, persisted in for so many years, of self-contemplation, had left an expression which was not very pleasant on his face; a look which an ill-natured person might say was something between a scowl and a sneer, as though he was continually saying, "I am George Turner, that is who I am, and who the deuce are you?" His conversation was, like that of many other men of the same standing, entirely about himself; arguing, one would fancy, from a certain feeling of being wanting in the more ornamental business of life, and from a determination that the hearer should know what an exceeding fine fellow he was.

Partly from religion, and partly from temper, he had been very careful to banish every thing graceful from his house, so that there should not be a snare in it. So he had sternly refused poor Rebecca's, who craved for such things, petitions for cocks and hens, for rabbits—nay, even for one poor little tiny bird. However, in an old house, where there are rats and mice, you must have a cat; and you'll not hinder a cat having kittens. And so it came about that Rebecca had two kittens to play with; and her father, letting himself into the house at half past four on a winter's afternoon, found Rebecca, perfectly happy, lying in the dark before the fire, playing with her two kittens, one of which had a blue ribbon round its neck, and the other a red.

"Get up," he said, "and don't lie there like a hoyden. Get up, and make yourself tidy. There are people coming to tea."

Rebecca never answered; that would only make her father colorably and openly angry, and she would have had the worst of it. But by long practice in this happy household she had got the trick of annoying him, and yet of keeping within the law.

"Pretty little darlings!" she said, with effusion, as she rose with a cat on each arm. "I wonder if you have immortal souls, dears; if so, they don't seem to be much trouble to you."

"Don't talk such nonsense as that. People would say that you were mad, if they heard you. For a grown girl to be kissing cats, too, and a marriageable girl! Bah!"

"Whose coming to tea, pa?"

"Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper."

"Daniel Lambert and the Old Dragoon. Pa, I wonder if Miss Soper was regularly discharged from the army, or whether she deserted. If I was her I should shave off that mustache, and let my whiskers grow. Who else is coming?"

"Mr. Morley," said Turner, without any open manifestation of anger, for certain reasons; "and also, I believe, Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, pa!"

"I am at a loss to conceive why you should make an exclamation at Mr. Hagbut's name," said Turner.

"Are you?" said Rebecca. "I am not. If you were as young and pretty as I am, how would you like such a—minister of the gospel, setting down beside you the whole evening, quoting texts of Scripture to you which bore on the subject of love and marriage. If he wants to marry me, why don't he say so like a man—*and get his answer?*"

"I should feel highly flattered by Mr. Hagbut's attentions," said Mr. Turner; "and, moreover, I should reflect that his suit was backed by your father. Only, mind one thing, Rebecca—you refuse that good man at your peril. I insist on the match, mind that. You *dare* refuse him, that is all."

Not one word did Rebecca say to this, but left her father secretly fuming with anger. She went up stairs to her room, and began her toilet very slowly and very thoughtfully, and as she thought the face grew darker and darker, until the muscles in it began to quiver, and there grew upon it a look of deep horror and deep loathing terrible to see. She arose stealthily, and went with her candle to a box in the corner of the room, and secretly taking out a book began reading with shaking hands; the book came open easily at the place she wanted, and she was deep in the passage when she was utterly scared by her sister's voice in the room, crying petulantly, "Why, Rebecca, you'll never be ready in time. Mr. Hagbut's come already."

"I'll be ready directly, dear Carry; don't tell on me. It is only one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and it is so interesting at the end."

"So it seems," said matter-of-fact Carry. "Why, you are as pale as a ghost, and all of a tremble? Now I can see why the ministers forbid us to read such godless rant."

One of Sir Walter Scott's novels, she said. Could it have been the "Bride of Lammermoor?" Heaven forbid!

Although she was going into company which she disliked, and although there was at least one man there whom she hated, and whom she wished to hate her, yet in the irresistible instinct of beauty she dressed herself prettily, and coming calmly and proudly into the room with a bow, sat down by her sister.

Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper were there, and two ministers, one of whom she had never seen before, but one of them was only known too well.

He was a very large, stout man, with a head the color and shape of an addled egg, with the small end uppermost. He had a furze of gray hair, and whiskers shaved close in the middle of his cheeks; he had large pale blue, almost opaque eyes, very large ears, and a continual smile on a mouth made for talking. Probably black dress clothes and a white tie was as becoming a dress as exists—on certain people; on him they were hideous; his collarless cravat was a wisp, the lapels of his coat were like elephants' ears, and the coat itself was perfectly straight down the back, so as to set off his great stomach better in profile. His cuffs nearly concealed his great fat hands, and his short, ill-made trowsers scarce met his clumsy shoes. The whole man was a protest against beauty or grace of life in any way; to Rebecca he was loathsome, hideous beyond measure; and she was to marry him—unless she herself, alone and unaided, could fight a battle against all her little world. Poor thing! it was hard for her, it was, indeed. Forgive her desperation.

This horrible great moon-calf rose from his chair when she entered, and with a leering conscious smile on his face stood there, following her with his pale eyes, until she sat down. Mrs. Russel looked "arch"—a horrible thing for any body to do off the stage of a third-rate theatre, still more horrible in the case of a fat old woman. Miss Soper, *au fait* at things of this kind, moved from her seat and gave it up to the Rev. Mr. Hagbut, so that he now sat next poor shuddering Rebecca.

"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Hagbut?"

Smooth came the easy words from that mouth, in the well-practiced, whining falsetto; dextrously quoted were the well-known texts of Scripture, so dextrously that he brought in the Marriage in Cana, and made through that an allusion to earthly marriages. "He has not asked me yet," she thought; "and if I am firm they can't kill me."

His style of talking was what one may be allowed to call spondaic; that is, he lengthened every syllable, and even when he came across one which was unavoidably short he lengthened it as much as possible. Then again he put the emphasis of his sentence just where no one else would have put it, and on the whole was one of the most painfully labored masses of artificiality and affectation ever seen. That the man may have been a good man I do not deny; I have only to do with his effect on Rebecca.

He gave himself, if not the airs of an accepted lover, at least of a man who was sure of his game.

"You heard my discourse the last Sabbath evening, Miss Turner?" he said, bringing his head as near hers as he could.

"I heard it," said Rebecca; "but I did not attend to it."

"The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," said he, smiling.

"I don't think that the spirit was willing," she answered. "I hate sermons."

This was very confusing, but under these circumstances one must say something.

"The prayer, or the hymn, pleases you better, doubtless?"

"I hate the prayer worse than the sermon, but I like some of the hymns—nay, most of them. I should like the service to be all music, light, and ornament, as it was at the Catholic church where I used to go with my poor mother."

"Vanity, my dear daughter, vanity."

"I don't see any particular vanity about it. Why, when you are praying extempore before a large congregation, and take pains, you are thinking all the time how it will succeed with the congregation. I have watched you."

Really it was very uphill work with this young lady; but see how beautiful she was, and besides she would have a little property. Mr. Hagbut drew nearer still to the shrinking hot form that held the ice-cold heart.

"Are you cold, dear Miss Turner?" he drawled.

"No, I am uncomfortably hot," she snapped out. "I think that I am not well. I think that I shall go nearer the door, if you will let me pass."

He was forced to do so, and with a great gasp she went and sat beside Mr. Morley and her father: her father seeing the Rev. Hagbut, his future son-in-law, looking exceedingly foolish, went to his assistance, and bound up the cracks in that savory vessel, leaving Rebecca sitting with Mr. Morley.

Now Rebecca knew Mr. Morley to be a Dissenting minister, as her father described him, of "great unction;" consequently she regarded him in the light of her natural enemy, and was prepared to do battle with him on the very smallest provocation. She could not, however, avoid confessing that he was a considerable improvement on that other horrible fat man with a head like an egg.

Indeed, she might have said, a very great improvement, indeed. Mr. Morley was a man with a well-shaped head, good and singularly amiable features, hair but slightly grizzled, curling all over his head, a fine deep brown complexion, and a beautiful set of regular white teeth, which contrasted well with the complexion, and which were pretty frequently shown by a manly, kindly smile. He looked a man every inch of him, although his face was gentle even to softness.

He had been watching Rebecca and her troubles. He had been brought here as the friend of Mr. Hagbut, he having to-day preached a sermon for him. He had, of course, been welcomed heartily by Mr. Turner, who in the openness of his heart toward a minister and a friend of Mr. Hagbut, had let him know the high honor which was in store for Rebecca. So Mr. Morley had watched while talking to Mr. Turner; and he had seen brutish, low, calculating admiration on the one side, and on the other a depth of loathing aversion which was terrible to him. He said to Mr. Turner,

"They will be happy, you think?"

"Any woman would be happy with such a man of God as Mr. Hagbut." And when he had said it he scorned himself. Yet for mere decency's sake, seeing that Morley knew, he put in the rider, "If she does not love him in the way of the world now, she will get to do so. Hundreds of girls would give ten years of their life to be in her place."

"That is doubtless true," said Morley, quietly, and the conversation went on to other matters, until it so chanced that the beautiful girl, with rage and fury in her heart, came and sat beside him.

He had a pleasantly-modulated voice, a voice of cultivation too, and he spoke to her.

"The wind has quite gone down," he said.

"Has it?" she answered. "I have not noticed."

"Yes, it has quite gone down. But it blew hard down at our place last night: I expected some of my chimney-pots down several times. The *Eliza*, in the outside tier, broke from her moorings, and has stove the bows of one of the screw colliers; yes, it blew very hard from east, shifting to southeast. Are you a sailor at all?"

"I know nothing of the sea."

"Pity; you should. I am half a sailor myself. I should know something about it, for half my work lies among sailors. Have you never been to sea at all, then?"

"I have never left this most utterly abominable spot in all my life."

"Well, I don't want to flatter you," said Morley, "and so I will say that it is intolerably dull. My place is considered almost the very worst and most wretched in London. I am surrounded with sin, crime, and occasionally fury and murder; but I would sooner be there than here."

"Where do you live, then, Mr. Morley?" said Rebecca, becoming interested.

"At Limehouse."

"Is it uglier there than here?"

"Very far uglier. This place is, in all that the eye desires, a paradise to it. If an educated man, like myself, were doomed to live in Limehouse in idleness, he would break his heart."

"You have not broken yours."

"No; I am too busy," he replied, laughing.

"Where is it?" asked Rebecca.

"Down the river. Down where the ships are."

"Where do the ships go to?"

"All parts of the world. You can get on board a ship there, and go any where."

"Do any of them go to countries where there are no chapels?"

"Plenty, I am sorry to say."

"Where you can do exactly as you please, and not be called to account for it afterward?"

"Certainly not. No such ships sail, because there is no country such as you describe. Not in all the countless millions of stars which you see on a frosty night is there any such country. Such ships would have plenty of passengers, though."

"It is a weary world, then," said Rebecca. "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly I do."

"Some do not. Is it not so?" asked Rebecca.

"Scarcely any," said Mr. Morley.

"Yet it is such a comfortable doctrine, I should have thought it would be popular. To think, to believe, that death *did* end it all, and that there was to be no more trouble, no more headache, no more anger. It is really not so, then?"

"Assure yourself of that. Ask yourself, Is it conceivable that the *will* which causes you, so mysteriously, by acting on your muscles, to raise your hand to your head—the will which may prompt you to a noble deed, or save you from a shameful fate—can *die?* I could speak at length of these things to you, but there is your father beckoning."

She rose without another word, and went toward her father, who was sitting beside Mr. Hagbut. He moved away, and pointed to his seat.

She, however, stood, and Mr. Hagbut, rising, took her right hand between his two fat ones, and looked her in the face with his sweetest smile.

She was deadly pale. There was too much fat covering the nerves of Mr. Hagbut's hand, or he would have felt, surely, the creeping horror in hers. It shrunk so from between his palms that it slid out and fell dead and pale by her side before he had time to speak.

"I was going to ask," said the unconscious nobody, "a little favor of my sweet Christian sister. I was going to ask if I might see her to-morrow morning for half an hour, just to ask one little question, to which I think I shall have a favorable answer. May I come?"

"O Lord, yes!" gasped Rebecca. "Come to-morrow and let us get it over," and so left the room abruptly.

"She has taken him," said Miss Soper to Mrs. Russel, as they blundered home together in the fog.

"Lucky girl! of course she has," replied Mrs. Russel.

"He will have trouble with her," said Miss Soper. "I know girls. I've had girls throw themselves out of window before now; and he will have trouble with her."

"Well, if you come to that, Henrietta," said Mrs. Russel, growing confidential in the dark, and in anticipation of the little hot supper which Miss Soper and she were about to partake of together, and blundering up against Miss Soper in her fat walk, "she will have trouble with him. For although he is a Saint, he keeps his saint's temper pretty much in the cupboard; she'll have to manage him, that's what she'll have to do. I know men, and the management of them. I've *had* to manage them."

Mrs. Russel's knowledge of men was confined to two, her husband whom she had managed into death by worry and *delirium tremens;* and her son whom she had managed into enlisting into the 40th regiment, now in New Zealand, from which island he had dutifully written, saying, "that now the water was betwixt 'em, he could express his mind more free." Which he proceeded to do.

Morley and Hagbut walked eastward together through the fog, and Morley was the first to speak.

"Hagbut," he said, "are you going to marry that girl?"

"Assuredly, my brother," said Hagbut.

"Have you thought of what you are doing?" asked Morley.

"Indeed, yes, with prayer," said Hagbut.

"But, see here, Hagbut. You are as shrewd as another. Let us speak as though we were of the world, worldly. Are you not making a great fool of yourself?"

"I think not, brother Morley," answered Hagbut, far too shrewd to give up such advantages as a religious phraseology gave him. "I think, looking at the matter even as one unredeemed and still of this world, that it promises well. The girl is fair to look upon, and she will have a little property."

"But do you think she cares for you?"

"Undoubtedly. No constraint has been put upon her, and she has as good as taken me. Our roads diverge here, dear brother. Good-night."

Omnibus after omnibus passed Mr. Morley, yet somehow he preferred to walk, and set his head steadily for Fenchurch Street, dark as the night was. And as he walked he thought, and thought of one thing only—this approaching marriage. It seemed to him so monstrous a proceeding altogether. If the girl consented it would have been bad enough, but against her will—

Why the girl's beauty alone ought to insure her a good match, an excellent provision with any one of a dozen young men of her own age; and she had fortune too, he heard; and for the whole of it to be offered up at the shrine of that ugly, windy donkey, with the education of a charity-school boy, and the manners of a boor. How pitiful a case for one so beautiful! And then he went on thinking of her beauty, and pitying her all the way home. Which was not good for the peace of mind of the Rev. Alfred Morley.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE velocipede mania is spreading. It must have its run like any other fever. It may become chronic, though some wise heads are predicting a speedy crisis and collapse; or perhaps the collapse is to come before the crisis, or they may be simultaneous! Just at present, however, the inventive genius of *this* country, at least, seems to be concentrated upon the construction of velocipedes of every novel style. If announcements may be credited, there is—or is going to be, which amounts to the same thing in this fast age—a monocycle, which can be driven sixty miles an hour; a bicycle warranted to run a hundred miles an hour on a single rail of a railroad track; and probably tricycles and quatercycles of indefinite speed. The machines are gradually being furnished with all conveniences, even to lanterns and lunch-boxes! Nobody feels terrified, even when such accidents occur as did recently in Cincinnati; when a young man taking a velocipede lesson in the fourth story of a building, lost the control of his machine, and was precipitated through a guarded hatchway to the cellar beneath. Such an occurrence only incites story-makers to circulate reports that in certain cities the velocipedes are driven so fast that every collision results in the total disappearance of both rider and machine! No fragments are ever found!

An adventurer of Providence announces that in the month of June next he will propel a velocipede of his own manufacture a distance of three thousand miles in thirty days, averaging one hundred miles per day. A grand velocipede tournament is to take place in April, under the direction of the Managers of the Prospect Park Driving Association of Brooklyn. It is expected that the races will create a great excitement.

Some wit, deficient in the genius necessary to invent a new kind of velocipede, did the best he could in a Massachusetts town, by exhibiting an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and the hoax was very successful with those who were unfamiliar with that ancient machine. A new word, by-the-way, appears in print—it is "Velocambipedextrianism," and is defined to mean "swiftly moving by a power skillfully applied with both feet."

A group of five figures is now being modeled in Italy by the sculptor Jackson. These figures are to be cast in bronze, and to be placed over the entrance of the "gate-house" of the great reservoir in the Central Park. Most of our art-works of this kind are cast in Munich, but this is to be cast in America.

Professor Blot having transferred himself and his kitchen from Boston to New York, it is announced that he will give to the public some practical culinary articles. There is no doubt but that whatever he writes will be well worth reading.

It has been proposed to re-exhibit the Siamese twins in England, but the suggestion does not meet with universal approval. The London *Telegraph* earnestly protests against such an exhibition. It is of opinion that in no case and at no time should such examples of broken physical laws be made a vulgar spectacle to idle or diseased curiosity. But to do such a thing at the time when the poor souls have emerged from their hiding-place, and are on their way from surgeon to surgeon, praying for some one daring enough to save them, at the risk of death, from the "death in life" which threatens them—this appears a cold-blooded contempt of all that is reverent, all that is pitiful, all that is ordinarily human.

Chicago's latest furor pertains to a supposed witch. The owners of cows in the vicinity of that sensational city have been afflicted with their cows being "dry." A certain woman, however, had very liberal supplies of milk from her cows. Her neighbors called in a fortune-teller, who said the woman had bewitched their cows. The unfortunate "witch" found herself assailed in public with brooms, shovels, sticks, and sundry other implements. So serious did the matter become that she applied for warrants for the arrest of certain parties. She claims that the only witchcraft of which she has been guilty consists in feeding her cows well and keeping them clean, which few of her rivals in the milk business do.

In Ohio all cities containing over 20,000 inhabitants are empowered by law to levy a one-tenth of a mill tax for the formation and support of public libraries. A free public library has recently been opened in Cleveland containing 5800 volumes.

The Hudson River was open week before last sufficiently for a steamboat to force her way to Poughkeepsie. She broke through six inches of solid ice for a distance of nine miles. At one part of the way crowds of people were on the ice close by her side. A few days afterward, however, navigation was closed by the severe weather.

A young man applied for a situation as private tutor. He was subjected to a series of questions which somewhat ruffled his temper. At length came the inquiry, "Can you draw, young man?" "Certainly," replied the candidate. "At ten years of age I could draw cider; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, a hand-cart loaded with cabbages; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the largest kind of a house; but, being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better." "You'll do," was the reply.

Hydrophobia still continues to be somewhat prevalent and fatal in New York and vicinity. We notice a very simple antidote communicated to the *Herald* by a physician of New York. It is said to have been used successfully for hydrophobia and the bites of snakes, centipedes, scorpions, and other poisonous animals, and to have been so efficacious that it has been adopted by the Governments of India, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia.

Remedy.—Liquor ammoniæ fortis.

Dose.—For an adult, thirty-five drops in a wine-glassful of water; twelve to fifteen years old, twenty to twenty-five drops in a table-spoonful of water; eight to twelve years old, fifteen to twenty drops in a dessert-spoonful of water; four to eight years old, five to ten drops in a dessert-spoonful of water.

The King of Burmah professes the greatest liberality in regard to the Christian religion. He proposes to build for an English missionary an immense institution large enough to accommodate one thousand boys, and has himself donated five hundred dollars for books.

A correspondent of one of our daily newspapers, in commenting upon London "charities," gives the following incident, which, whether true or not, contains a moral:

"Seven hundred years ago some good old soul left a house and garden in London as a perpetual maintenance for three poor women and a cat. The property is worth now £40,000 a year. Three poor women and their cat—friends of the trustees—are maintained; and the rest of the income, £39,550 per annum, is expended in salaries on the uncles, aunts, cousins, appointed as secretaries, treasurers, chaplains, visitors, etc., who see to the proper distribution of alms, catechise the old women, and stroke the cat."

There is every prospect that during the coming year the building business will be unusually brisk in the upper portions of the city. In 1868 about 1875 residences were completed in this city. Many others were commenced. The statement has been made that in a single ward in Brooklyn—the Ninth—upward of *two thousand* houses were erected in 1868, all of which will await tenants on the first of May. The indications are that there will be plenty of houses in the market, to sell or to let, for all who desire to remain in the metropolis. Landlords will scarcely dare run the risk of raising their rents, however much they may desire so to do; and tenants need not feel compelled to submit to an increase this year, as they sometimes have in past years.

From South America comes the report of more earthquakes. Some quite heavy shocks have been experienced at Callao and Arica, and slight ones at Lima. Small-pox is also raging at Lima, Arequipa, and other places. Nevertheless matters go on about as usual, though there must be something frightful in living, as it were, over a volcano which may open its destructive mouth at any moment. The ladies of Lima are said to be considerably excited over "Planchette," which writes for them in excellent Spanish, and bewilders them exceedingly. The good padrés of some of the churches and convents have pronounced it a veritable Beelzebub, and forbidden its use.

The *Fireman's Journal*, a new periodical, contains some valuable hints in regard to what should be done in case of fire. We give one or two extracts which seem to be of special practical utility:

"If a fire breaks out at night it is better for the inmates of the dwelling not to stop to dress themselves, but wrap themselves in blankets, etc., and instantly avail themselves of the best means of escape that is open to them, carefully shutting all doors after them.

"As smoke and heated air always ascend, an escape may frequently be effected by crawling on the hands and knees when it would be impossible to avoid suffocation in an upright position. If the smoke is very dense a worsted stocking or a piece of flannel held over the mouth and nostrils is a great protection to the lungs.

"The very last thing to be thought of is jumping from the window. If no external assistance is brought a rope, or sheets and blankets tied together, will afford the means of descent. Bedding or carpeting thrown out of windows may be usefully applied by the persons below for the reception of the inmates.

"All other means failing, and the descent from the window being the last and only alternative, get on the window-sill and drop; do not jump."

From a long list of Danish Proverbs we select a few choice ones:

All wish to live long, but none to be called old.

Take help of many, advice of few.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

He who says what he likes must hear what he does not like.

Empty wagons make most noise.

If God bids thee draw, He will find thee a rope; if He bids thee ride, He will find thee a horse.

Better suffer for truth than prosper by falsehood.

The Boston *Traveller* calls attention to the excessive amount of study required of children in the public schools. It says: "Although we have, theoretically, no 'study out of school hours' in our grammar schools, instances of children who have been sick, and in some cases seriously so by such study, in their efforts to stand well in their classes or secure promotion, are of everyday occurrence. Some teachers give lessons on Saturday which can only be learned by devoting a part of the Sabbath to study."

We have reason to believe that the same criticism may be made upon the public schools of New York city.

The Chicago *Sorosis* (the newspaper, not the Club) has the following logic:

Two things can be equal and not the same.

Woman's sphere is equal to man's but not the same.

Woman does not claim man's sphere, first because she does not want it, and secondly because such a claim would be nonsense.

Adaptation and fitness are the conditions precedent to the exercise of any right or function.

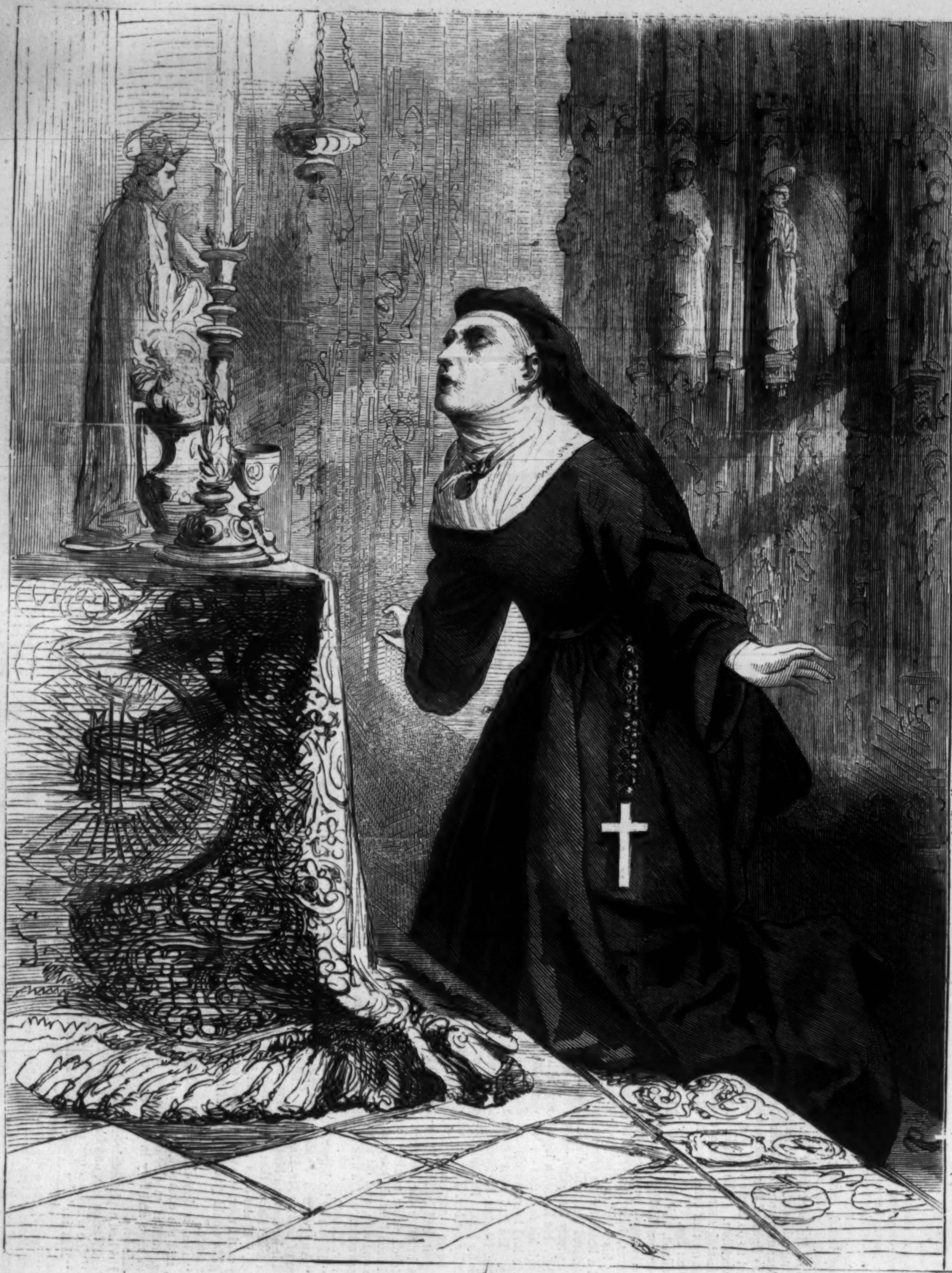
The heart and brain can not change places, or perform each other's work, but who will say that both are not equally important?

Do not the nervous and arterial systems run parallel, and together ramify every portion of the human system?

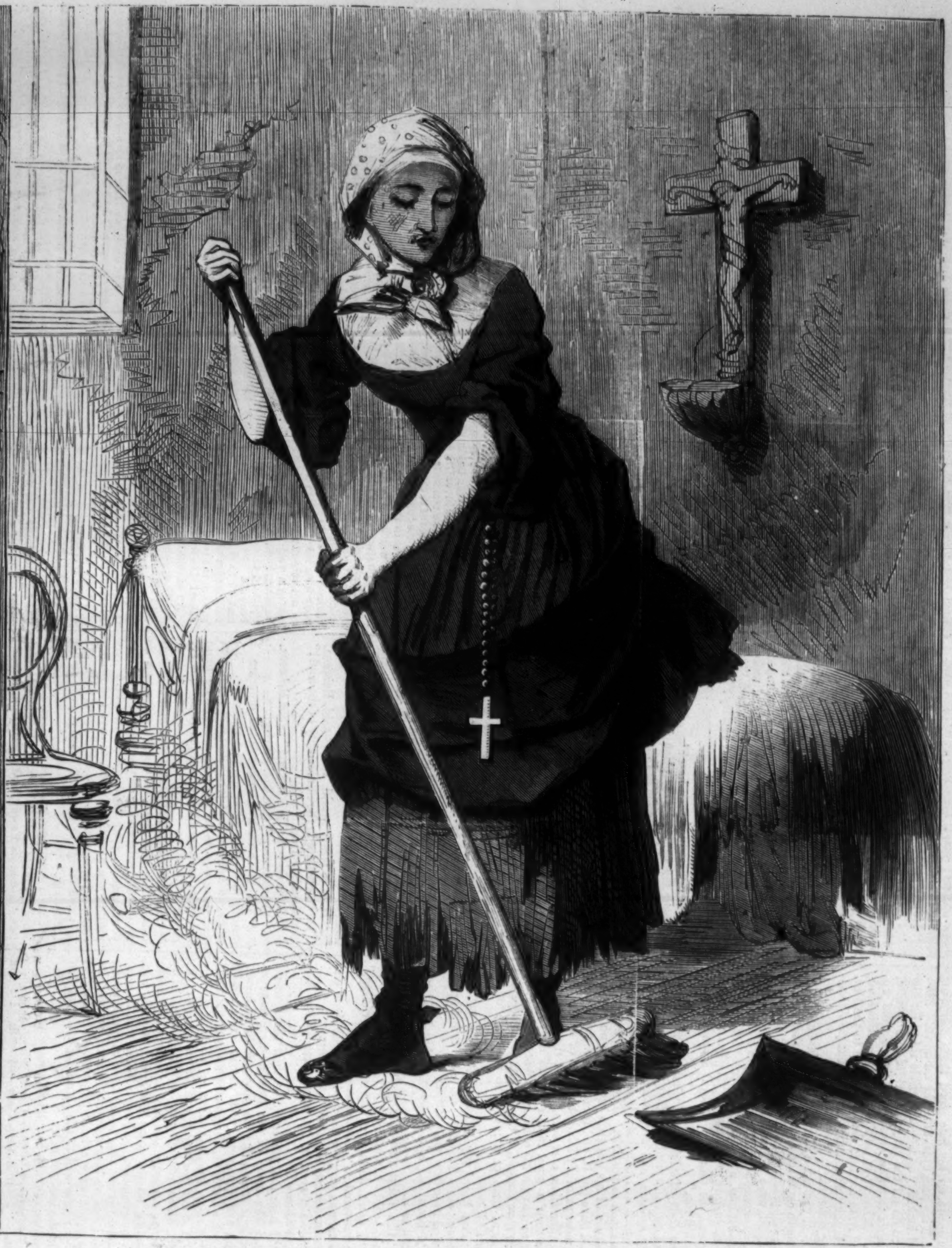
Can the nerves say to the blood "you are out of your sphere when you persist in following us into every minute part of the body?"

Thus in the body politic should the two elements enter, man as head, woman as heart, both equally important and necessary.

In China barbers shave as if they meant something by the operation. A victim gives a thrilling sketch of the process, which was performed without "lathering" the face. "After the beard was taken off," he says, "the barber took a long, sharp, needle-shaped spoon and began to pierce my ears. He explored every avenue and brought up, from numerous little crevices, bits of wax and dirt that had been accumulating there since my childhood. Having become satisfied with picking about my ears, the barber suddenly twisted my neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebræ had been dislocated. 'Hold on!' I shouted, alarmed for the safety of my neck. 'All right,' replied the tonsor, 'me no hurt you;' and he continued to jerk and twist my neck until it was limber as an old woman's dish-rag. He then fell to beating my back, breast, arms, and sides with his fist, and pommeled the muscles until they fairly glowed with the beating they had received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over me, and having dried my skin with towels, declared that his work was done."



CONVENT LIFE—THE ROMANCE.



THE REALITY (AS SHOWN IN THE HULL CONVENT SCANDAL).—[SEE PAGE 183.]

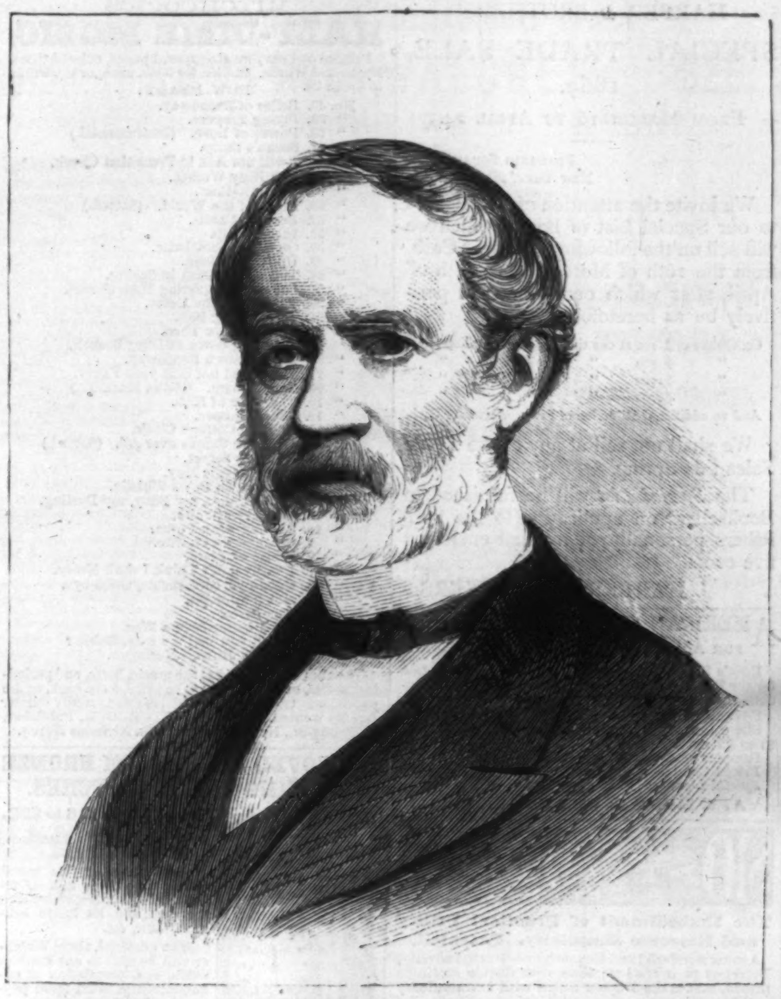
HON. E. B. WASHBURNE,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

The appointment of Mr. **Washburne** as Secretary of State is significant, not so much of the President's friendship toward a fellow-townsman, to whom he is bound by very strong ties, as of his determination to secure officers as heads of departments who will carry out the purposes which he has so plainly indicated as the controlling ones of his administration. Mr. **Washburne**, known as "the watch-dog of the Treasury," as well as "the father of the House" (though he is only 53 years of age), is given the highest position in the new Cabinet. As Mr. **Greeley** says of all the appointments, this "means business."

Elihu B. Washburne was born in Livermore, Oxford County, Maine, September 23, 1816. He has had two brothers in Congress, one from Wisconsin and the other from Maine. He studied law at Harvard University, and removed to Galena, Illinois, where he entered upon the practice of his profession. He was elected as a Whig to the Thirty-third Congress, and has been a member of the House for nine successive terms. At the death of **Thaddeus Stevens** he became Chairman of the Committee of Appropriations; he had for many terms served as Chairman of the Committee on Commerce. It was not until the beginning of the war that **Washburne** became acquainted with **Grant**, whom he then recommended to Governor **Yates** for a Colonel's commission. Even before the remarkable victory at Donelson, Mr. **Washburne** felt that **Grant** was to be the "coming man" of the war, and his friends said that he had "**Grant** on the brain." He urged and obtained his promotion to a Brigadier-Generalship. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing, when **Grant** was under a cloud, **Washburne's** fidelity to the General was only equaled by the steadfast friendship of **Sherman** in the field. **Washburne**, at a later period, introduced the bills which made **Grant** Lieutenant-General and afterward General.

Mr. **Washburne** is well fitted for the position to which he has been called, not, indeed, by diplomatic experience, but by his strength of character, his sound judgment, and his unflinching integrity.



ADOLPH E. BORIE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—[Phot. by Wenderoth, Taylor, & Brown, Phil^a.]

ADOLPH E. BORIE,

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Of the officers nominated for the new Cabinet there are three of foreign descent—A. T. **Stewart**, J. D. **Cox**, and **Adolph E. Borie**. The latter, nominated for Secretary of the Navy, is a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, though not a politician. His father came from Bordeaux, France, and became a distinguished merchant in Philadelphia, where the subject of our sketch was born in 1809. **Adolph** was graduated at the Pennsylvania University at the early age of sixteen; eight years afterward he went to Paris and there completed his education. On his mother's side he is descended from one of the San Domingo families who left that island during the troubles with the blacks, and who, settling in Philadelphia, formed a small colony, which is now represented by some of the most cultivated and distinguished families in the city.

Mr. **Borie**, after his European travels, returned to Philadelphia, and became one of the well-known firm of **M'Kean, Borie, & Co.**, 153 Dock Street. He has, by his industry and tact, amassed a large fortune. He was an old line Whig. In 1862, when the Union League was organized in Philadelphia, Mr. **Borie** was one of its founders, and is now its Vice-President. Except in this way he has never taken part in politics. During the war he contributed largely, both by his means and his influence, to the enlistment of soldiers for the Union armies. He was introduced to General **Grant** after the close of the war by General **Meade**, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship. Every consideration that ought to influence the President in his choice of a Secretary of the Navy renders the appointment of Mr. **Borie** to that position fit and satisfactory.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

The history of Howard University, of which we give an illustration on this page, enforces an important moral in connection with the construction of public buildings. The numerous accidents which have happened in this country from the recklessness of speculative builders—among which, as being the most disastrous, the falling of the Lawrence Mills, over ten years ago, stands out most prominently—ought ere this to have taught their terrible lesson. In connection with the Howard University we do not purpose to denounce any thing or any body, but only to state a few facts.

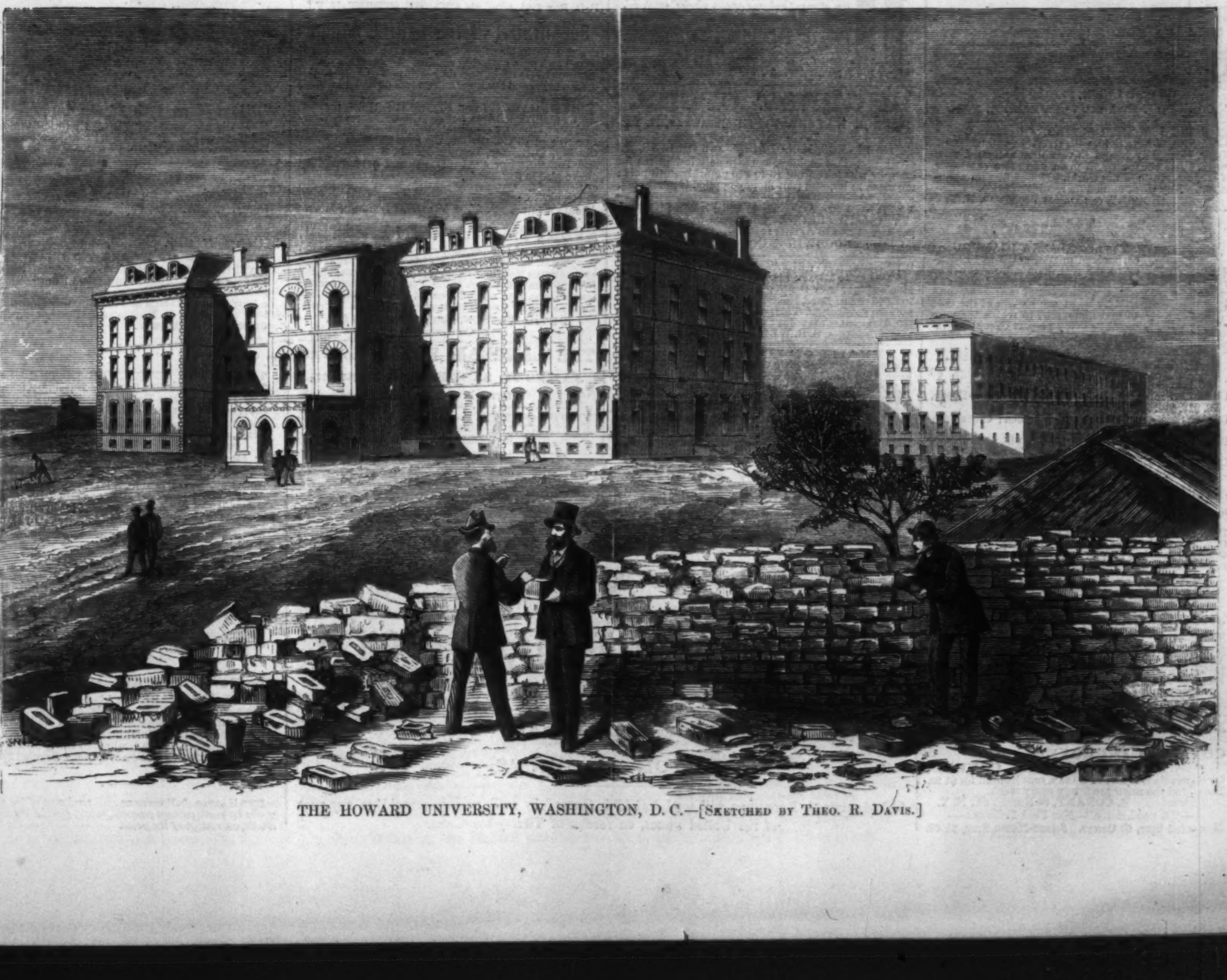
For some years past an attempt has been made to bring into use for building purposes a patent composite block which should displace common brick. A company was organized in New York city; the manufacture of the new blocks was commenced on a large scale; a large number of edifices were constructed from it in various parts of the country; and patent rights were sold for different geographical sections. Indestructibility, beauty of color and texture, and cheapness were claimed for the new invention. General **Howard** and other gentlemen organized a company in Washington, purchasing the patent right for $10,000. Thus it happened that when the Howard University for the education of colored youth was set on foot a hundred and fifty acres were bought north of the Capitol, and it was determined to build the edifice, as also the private structures upon the grounds, of the new material. It is asserted that $300,000 of public money has been used in forwarding the enterprise. The blocks were constructed from sand taken from the grounds, mixed with lime.

The result has been a failure. The material does not answer its purpose. Portions of the buildings constructed have crumbled, and none of them are considered safe. It may be that the blocks were not properly manufactured, or that they were too hastily used; but certainly, as manufactured and used in this case, they have proved unsatisfactory and useless. Our illustration shows a pile of these blocks in the foreground.

THE VELOCIPEDE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

We gave recently a picture representing a velocipede of fifty years ago. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for February gives the following interesting information concerning the velocipede:

"France revived the obsolete machine, and gave interest and excitement to its use by altering its form from the four-wheel species, safe as a three-legged stool, to the graceful two-wheeler that demands skill and dexterity from the trundler. From our neighbors across the Channel the furor migrated to our brethren across the Atlantic, passing over us. The go-ahead vehicle is exactly suited to American ideas; walking, say the New York wags, is on its last legs. Schools, with the imposing name of *Velocinasiums*, for teaching the young idea how to gyrate, are being established; races are being rolled; men and boys are whizzing here, there, and every where, at the speed of twelve miles an hour. Inventors are improving the machines, and manufacturers are making them wholesale, the supply at present falling short of the demand. Our turn may come yet. Or have we had it? There was a considerable rage for velocipedes in England some thirty years ago. There may be those liv-



THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

ing who can recollect seeing no less a man than Michael Faraday spinning one up Hampstead Hill; he was very fond of the exercise, and, we may infer, saw good in it. Did he originate his own machine? The velocipede appears to have had several inventors. Nicéphore Nièpce, one of the fathers of photography, has been set down as the first. But he was not. An old Paris newspaper, bearing date of July 27, 1779, tells of some novel feats of locomotion performed by MM. Blanchard and Masurier, with a machine whereof the description exactly represents the old form of velocipede, only it was ornamented with a figure-head in the shape of an eagle, whose outspread wings served as tellers to the steering wheel. But this may not have been the earliest of pedal locomotors. It is natural to suppose that the idea would suggest itself to the first man who turned alternate into circular motion—to the inventor of the crank, in fact."

P. K. Devo, Esq., who before the war enjoyed the confidence of our business community as an Advertising Agent, has now an additional claim upon their support and patronage. Having faithfully served his country during the war, and sacrificed both property and health, he again offers his services and experience to those wishing to advertise, and is entitled to confidence and success. Address him, care of the *New York Sun.*

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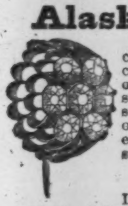

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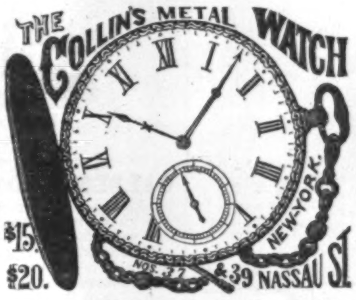

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